"Viyella" "AZA" "Clydella"

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

DECEMBER 1919

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"Sacred and Profane Love"

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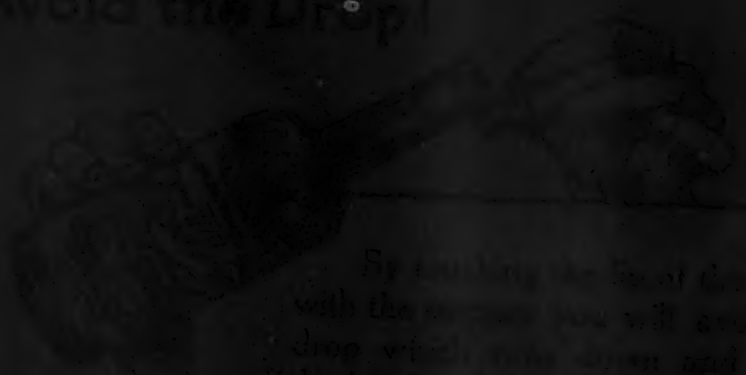

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ENGLISH REVIEW

DECEMBER, 1919

A Song

By A. E. Lloyd Maunsell

PILLOW your head upon my shoulder, so—
Look in my face, to yours I'm bending low;
And love, love sweetest, for Love's moments go.

Lean back your head until our lips shall meet
In one long kiss, that shall the moments fleet
Stay in the hurry of their swift retreat.

Let your head rest so that your scented hair
Strays on my cheek, and straying, trembles there;
Like some bright web a-quiver in the air.

Lean back your head so that mine eyes shall gaze
Deep into yours: and love, for Love's own ways
Alone are sweet in all our length of days.

Clasp your soft arms, and a walled kingdom make
For us to dwell; and of thy mercy's sake
Love me, ah! love, lest Time us overtake.

Look, love, our breath in the still evening air
Rises as one, and rising, mingles there.
A sighing breath ascending as a prayer.

A sighing breath, contentment scarce content:
Ah, heart of mine! when Love's short hour is spent
What shall our life have for its ornament?

Beauty and Riot

By Stephen Southwold

THROUGH long night hours that are too quick with pain
(The pain that is the purpose of the rose,
The plea of flowers, the heart of morning rain,
The measure of the plan the stars disclose),
We have gone questing, but the dawn has caught
Us desolate and weary, and astare
As a child that wakes crying a dreadful word;
And all the day, unguarded, utterly bare,
Through every traitorous sense, forsworn and bought,
We are stricken, but the hand that strikes is blurred.

O dream for ever sought! that lingers just
Beyond our eyes' horizon; yet our feet
Must follow after in the printed dust
The steps of all the dead: and every beat
Of that great heart, whose pulse is infinite,
Gathers a million dreamers and their dream
Into itself, but ever is the same:
Hunger it is, and love, and the first gleam
Of dawn upon a hill: each starried night,
And maddening moon of summer hold its flame.

And we who tread the never-ending road,
Grasping elusive fantoms by the way,
Stretching our hands for wounding to the goad
On which Love leans his breast, himself to slay;
We who were born of hunger and desire,
Cry to the night that will not give us rest,
"The Rose! The Rose!" but a voice answereth,
"Fools, ye are bleeding where the thorn hath prest;
"There is no rose; the poppy flames like fire,
"Here are new dreams, and after dreaming, death."

Then have we crushed the poppy to our lips,
Crying upon Desire to pour the wine;
Drinking with Lust, whose mouth for ever drips
The blood of dreams that bore the rose's sign.
But when the cup has shrunken to the lees,
When the last lust is savoured, when the beast
Sickens before its image, when the clear
Eye of the Day-break steals upon the feast,
We bow our heads, crying upon our knees,
Under our shame, "The Rose, the Rose is near."

Rupert Brooke

By F. Y. Walters

NEVER again to walk in English lanes
And see the uncertain glory of the spring
Come like a fickle lover who remains
Steadfast a short while in his wandering;
Or watch, while April's fitful passion grows
Into the splendour of June's burgeoning,
Until the perfect flower of summer glows
On England's breast, a rose
For her remembering.

Even as now: for now he is a part
Of England's beauty. Though he will not wake
To worship her with his young lover's heart,
He is for ever hers, and she will take
The foreign soil about so dear a head,
And from his dust of sacrifice will make
The flowers he loved, to crown the lowly bed
Of England's lover, dead
For England's sake.

Eve's Despair

By Catherine Kirsopp

O God! turn me into a cold, cold stone,
An imaged woman, heedless and alone,
Standing upon a mountain in some high wild place
Where all the passing world may look on me.
O carve me, God, with arms outstretched to Thee
And lovely ever upturned face,
Inspired of perfect purity and grace:
But even when great storm clouds come, and stooping, chase
About my head, or burning suns beat down,
Or when my gazing eyes can only see
One wandering moon, pale with her love for me,
Still, still a heedless image carved in stone,
And cold, Ah! cold—my God, I pray to be.

I was too beautiful when I was found
A breathing thing, lying upon the ground,
Faint with the scent of sweet fruits growing there
Under the drooping branches of the tree.
But carved in stone, all men who looked on me
Would kneel to see a thing so fair;
And though I stood before them, glittering, white and bare,
They would not long to seize my hands or touch my hair,
Or press my mouth where never breath or sound
Could come, so cold my marble mouth would be. . . .
Not hidden, O God! but high where the world can see
I pray my passionate beauty may be bound
In silent stone with arms outstretched to Thee.

Beauty and Love

By R. L. Mègroz

While the slow fingers of untroubled twilight caressed
The darkening tranced wood, the dimming hills,
And the pale splendour of the moon out of her cloudy nest
Arose wide-winged and fell on the restless rills,

Then of a realm built up of dreams I went as king,
Wandering the lonely moor, but my heart was a dove
Quietened of broken croodling, hearing a sweet voice sing,
And Beauty kissed my soul into rapturous love.

Waiting in love-wildness that was agony at its least,
I watched green boughs awave in the wind's blue hands,
Watched cloudy snow-flowers float about the lilac east,
And the radiance waste in the west as a river in sands.

Through the mysterious half-light intimations rushed
Surging, of ancient Ones, eternal, unseen,
And the gloaming shivered with sweetness of all those love-words hushed,
Love-words of all the lovers that have been.

Yet came you not. And the grasses sighed, and the darkened plain
Glimmered with the tears of flowers white, purple, red,
And I heard the opening of strange doors with a haunting pain,
And unhistoried sorrows beat about my head.

My soul was ashimmer with armour as suddenly it updrew
To a kingly stature in those courts of dream,
A sword of intense flame that was desire of you
It swung, and clove the dark with a lightning gleam.

And the furled banners in the violet heaven I reached up
to seize
For gonfalons in the van of my conquest of Love,
And I knew that never again my spirit would find ease
For nested croodling in the fashion of the dove.

Love or fear me: this deep heart you as a ship have
ploughed
Beauty's sudden breath to storm can stir,
Unto Queen Beauty is my knighted spirit vowed,
And my wild love of you is but service to Her.

Therefor must the woodland and the shining hill,
Wan waters agleam in moonlight, murmurous grass,
Petals of blossomed dawn that in ruinous evening spill,
And the opulent cloud symbols that gather and pass

Be but crude words of Her until your troublous feet
Come treading on my spirit's thrilling strings,
Which cry like wailing birds joy that is painful and sweet,
For of infinite Beauty Love is aware when it sings.

Two Poems

By Edith Dart

Autumn Memory

No misty, wraith-like All Souls' Eve
Could tempt me spirit land to leave
But such an Autumn day as this
Might draw me back to earth, I wis.
Then I would walk, as once we two
In the old days were wont to do.
With you beside me, swept aside
These lonely years where I abide.
And you would laugh, again a girl,
Standing to let me tuck a curl
Escaping 'neath your hat's close brim,
Suddenly stoop and smiling trim
It with a knot of berries red,
To match your lips I laughing said.

The beech woods in the mellow light
Glowed many-coloured on the height,
Tall elms their crests did proudly hold
Against a blue sky, shimmering gold.
All tawny lacework in the sun
Were shining birch leaves, finely spun:
And, as we passed, the beeches shed
Dry russet leaves upon your head.

There was no love between us yet,
No passionate fears our lives to fret.
When I, from darkness, now look back
Across the years' embittered track,
These golden days, of all my life
Seem crown and fulness, e'er the strife
Sore agony of love began:
When you turned woman, I grew man;
And what should be life's fruit and flower
Was dust and ashes in one hour.

Two Women

THE outer woman spoke to you
Careless and cold, as strangers do:
The inner woman stirred aflame
At the mere mention of your name.

You passed unthinking, only heard
The cold, indifferent, spoken word.
She gave no clue. How had you guessed
The hidden woman unconfessed?

None, not the closest, might divine
The woman's heart without a sign.
Yet, to the end, it stirred aflame
At the mere mention of your name.

ERRATUM

On page 494, five lines from bottom, *Fathers and Sons* should read *War and Peace*.

Mr. George Moore Abdicates

By Abydos

Mr. George Moore has written a new book, *Avowals*, and though it is a spacious work dealing neither with muslin, women, scripture, nor dogs, is exquisitely papered, bound, and printed, and costs two guineas; the public cannot buy it; it is not for sale; now and hereafter the author is a monk dwelling in the monastery of art. This attitude, he claims, has been forced upon him by continuous persecution, which has at last driven him, even as the tormented Jew, into a Ghetto of letters, free from the public scrutiny. Some forty years ago the persecution began with his first book, *Flowers of Passion*, and it has never ceased. It raged over *Esther Waters*, which to-day is a recognised classic; *A Mummer's Wife* is still forbidden, not because it is unchaste, but because it was refused by the libraries some years ago; and recently it broke out again over *The Brook Kerith*, and even about the use of the name, Lewis Seymour. Forty years of battle is a long span. "I have put up my fight," Mr. George Moore submits, and, after all, his business is not controversy, it is art. The man who is interested in mankind finds himself beset by all manner of difficulties, of passion and prejudice on the part of buyers and sellers who cannot understand, and even resent, a man not wishing to write for money and in effect treat his attitude as a challenge. In the commercial state, men are commercial, and commerce decides. But art, which is the criticism or recreation of life, cannot be commercial, or it ceases to be art. The pure artist thus finds himself exposed to contumely and obloquy. He is misunderstood and persecuted. The commercialism of prose narrative compels the writer to be a kind of general secretary to the public who, as the arbiter, control the matter for presentation, so that the man who does not accept the obligation to spend his life ministering to the fashions and foibles of the time, refuses to be a clown, a

trapezist or trick-cyclist, a haberdasher of the prejudices, sentiment, hate, or "morality" of his day, is a rebel and a pariah in the minds of the public, who feel but do not think: who as the Judicature in the absence of standard and standards of criticism consign any deviation from the current canons to the hangman or the dungheap.

Mr. George Moore now seeks freedom in withdrawal. Henceforth he will no longer belong to the public arena of letters. Man may continue to be the librarian, the custodian of morals, but no more can democracy and the librarians imprison *his* art-form, which, as *Avowals*, will be printed for "private circulation only." Mr. George Moore confers upon himself the freedom of his trade. He will joust in public no longer. In "perfect calm and serenity of mind" he will henceforth write with that freedom that none has enjoyed since Elizabethan times; no publisher can worry him; the books are sold before they are written; no itching society can disturb, no anonymous scribe can assail, either his equanimity or sincerity. Thus to the public Mr. George Moore "passes over." In the future, his price will be two or three guineas a book, limited to a small band of admirers. Mr. George Moore enters the new order, the communal state. He is done with competition. His "morality" is secure. He is licensed. He becomes the art-guildsman. He can be read on beautiful English hand-made rag paper, and re-sold even on the basis of the material at a profit. He is no longer a marauding element in the body politic. He withdraws—to the illimitude of the arm-chair.

We have in this "knock-out" of an artist a symbol of our time, for if the public loses art gains, yet in the process both are attainted. If the commercialism of art has made it impossible for a man to write sincerely, to study mankind, that is, rather than the surface of human activities, the isolation of art is equally an abnormality which, if logically carried out, must lead to its inanition and decay, which latter is Mr. Moore's point. Art is life, and where there is no art there civilisation, too, is low. So true it is that style is the man. Therefore, however much we sympathise, we must fain view Mr. George Moore's isolation as the paradox of that mentality which for so many centuries has divided this country from Ireland, we

English being essentially alloquial or teachers and thinkers, whereas the Irish, like the French, are colloquial, in this capacity dominating our stage, as represented by Sheridan, Synge, Shaw, Yeats, Wilde, and in the art-form of prose immortalised by Sterne, from whom George Moore himself candidly derives: he, by the way, derives Pater from Goethe, an interesting discovery. But the genius of England is poetry, as Mr. George Moore admits. Shakespeare and England are one. We do not understand the Irish because they are conversationalists. They elude our sentimentality. We belong to the North, and in our constipated mentality only genius escapes. Yet it does escape. On the other hand, there is no Irish Dante. If the Irish all talk poetry, they have no world poets. The mountain-dew is everywhere, but there is no Milton. "Apparelled like the spring," the Irish span no universe, like Hamlet, or Falstaff, or even Mr. Pickwick, for, as literature is life, so our specifically English genius has been the pulpit, that is, the homily of the public forum—democracy, Parliament; thus the larks of speech gave us the inestimable gift of human liberty which is the justification of our British civilisation. This English style is Shakespeare's supreme legacy, and we shall reject it at our peril. The nation that lacks style is lacking in balance, perspective, as the world has seen in the great war. It was the tragedy of Germany. Germany had no rhetoric, and so we see a country which has never been a free state, never known a popular Assembly, never enjoyed the blessings of free speech: a people who lacked style. The German was unable to apply his philosophy because he is not a poet, and because of his want of poetry he is lacking in the humanities, fails, therefore, in the arts of life, choked in the metaphysics of the abstract. His history reveals these defects as in a looking-glass. Having no rostrum, he had no vision and so no democratic idea. No style, no balance. And so when the trial came he had no alternative; only force remained. And equally this is true of Spain.

When Spain was at her zenith, her poets flowered. Her knell was already sounded in the pages of *Don Quixote*. Spain, too, had no pulpit. She grew fat and uxorious, like Sancho Panza. Her pulpit was the Inquisition; creation

was placed on the Index. Her literature etiolated into an ornamental symbolism divorced from life. With her intellect her life also languished, until finally some twenty years ago the bones of Columbus were brought back in sorrow from Cuba as the testament of imperial Spain.

Similarly with Russia. It was Tolstoi, the new Russian, with (dare it be said?) his mystic truthfulness, who prepared the way for Russian emancipation, he and Turgeniev. With Tolstoi, idea took the place of assent; it polarised into revolution. And Russia's hope to-day is her literature, for it has its roots in life. In the truest sense, it is creation. The Russian artist is pinned to his faith. No doubt the total absence of commercialism in Russian literature gave the artist this love of truth, which is the supreme quality of Russian writing. There is nothing quite like it, and noteworthy is its freedom from coarseness, vulgarity, flippancy, ribaldry, all silliness, all superficiality, and this because of its profound innate quality of seriousness, to be equalled only in the Scandinavians. For Russian literature deals always with real life. The subject-matter is too actual to be artificialised. Thus words are to the Russian the incarnation of thought, the very meaning of the monotone and amorphous waste of Russian serfdom.

This is the power of the Russians, power which, as De Quincey has fixed for all time, is the definition of literature. It is the sincerity of the Russians, drawn from the tragedy of Russian conditions, which gave them this power of re-creation, and this is the national importance of literature. Witness the Marseillaise. Walt Whitman had it in his songs of the virgin forces and resources of America, and Fenimore Cooper had it in his liturgy of the Red Indians. But Cardinal Newman did not derive from this power, and, *pace* Mr. George Moore, Pater also lacked it. The soul of the true poet is sanity. His message is man, for he is the pure spirit of man. That is why art must be free, why censorship is evil, why anything like a movement for the suppression or control of art-expression cribs and cabins the mind and so stultifies and retards democratic progress. In Russia, literary invocation was free: it freed Russia. Here we are a political people and our arts are not free. It is Britain's supreme danger. If in our literature we no longer have articulate man, our genius

will decline like all nations who lose the art sense. Thus the Romans, Spain, and, we may truly say, the Germans, who, lapsing into the quest of materialism, no longer possessed a true criticism of life. Regeneration to-day will depend upon our art inspiration, and our literature will be the criticism of that work. We cannot divorce the one from the other or we shall disintegrate. In our books, in our poetry, the word will be the measure of our truth, and we shall prosper accordingly. Mr. George Moore's monastic retirement is the poet's gesture to his country.

In *Avowals*, then, Mr. George Moore attests. He is no longer to be exposed to slattern arbitrament. He will only deal with literature *reverentially*. He refuses to be maligned if, in his opinion, "only bachelors" can write about women; if, as a critic of English fiction, he maintains that, outside of poetry, English genius has accomplished "little or nothing" in narrative because it has been conditioned by the "subaltern" mind, which wittingly or unwittingly has yielded to popular clamour and to the individual necessity of making money, in which analysis he introduces Mr. Edmund Gosse as a buffeting-basis. He and Mr. Gosse are alone, and they deal with their art with absolute seriousness. Mr. Gosse suggests, Mr. Moore projects. George Eliot, they agree, was a trivial writer, like Stevenson, who "merely wrote a succession of incidents," like Fielding, who created the drawing-room novel, but unlike Sterne, who consequently has come down to us unchanged, for his subject was mankind, and he, like Mr. George Moore, an Irishman. And this is the ground of Mr. George Moore's inquiry. His charge is that the English novel is, and has been from its birth, concerned with the surface of life rather than with the depths, and that is no doubt the reason why the Brontës have retained their vitality to-day, when Lytton and Disraeli, Scott and Thackeray, and the late Victorians can no longer hold us, because the Brontës, who were lonely parsonage girls, could only write about life in its essentials, like Borrow, like Balzac and the Russians, like Strindberg, who, by the way, neither Mr. Moore nor Mr. Gosse mentions. Later on an American interviewer appears, and Mr. Moore explains that literature rarely influences conduct, because "life is but influences," whereas the appeal of literature

is intellectual. Thus morality is geographical in its standards, and a Japanese who is horrified in a London ball-room is astonished at the squeamishness of an Englishman who objects to the Japanese co-sex bath, and even in Bowdlerisation there is no agreement among the emendators themselves. Mr. George Moore touches bottom here. His exposure of the unreality of English fiction is just, but he does not seem to see that it is the result of our political genius, or pulpit mind that produced Bunyan and Cromwell, due to the fact that we are not conversationalists but teachers and preachers, whose escape is poetry; who, moreover, have been signally free from oppression, political or social, so that comfort and decorum have been our artists' model, whereas in Russia and Ireland pressure has produced inspiration. It is the artist sense that endears him to Kipling, "who possesses the ink-pot," to Turgeniev, the supreme master of tale-telling, to Dickens, who was essentially the England of horses and the genteel hypocrisy of insularity, to Corot and Manet, to Rembrandt and Fromentin, to Wagner and Whistler; and, somewhat paradoxically, because of his superb technique, to Pater, who, as he himself declares, was behind his mask "impotent in life."

To George Moore, Tolstoi fails to appeal in the same intense way, and the reason is atmosphere. Tolstoi (like the Englishman) was a teacher and preacher, his purpose was not art but life, and in impugning his artistic sincerity Mr. Moore, with his æsthetic intensity, misses the message of the reformer. It is here that the Irish genius falls short. A message is tiresome, it interferes with the *boniment* of art-form, it would teach: it would be politically sane. Mr. George Moore abhors politics, and Tolstoi is to him perilously akin to the agitator. The point is fascinating because Mr. Moore's protestation is based upon sincerity, and the shaft of his criticism is aimed at this concessive failing in English literature in that it ignores sex, the reason, meaning and psychology of the depths of life, which Tolstoi most wonderfully treated in *Fathers and Sons* and Pater in his ivory tower did not, and indeed could not on Mr. Moore's own showing and Pater's tacit admission to Mr. Moore when just before dinner he even astonished Pater with the imputation.

Now we have been a remarkably contented people. The Victorian writers grew up with our imperial and industrial wealth, and as men did not then write for the masses, and the classes formed quite a specific isolation among themselves, their subject-matter more or less had to be the conventions, just as *Punch* in the old days was little more than an equestrian class-paper. Writers shunned analysis, psychology, the depths, because the "gentleman" of insular England, who was the sole buyer of books, hated criticism; he hunted, drank port, or wore a silk-hat. Great art (Mr. Moore will recall the lines of Goethe) springs from tears, not from fox-hunting. Our fiction is superficial because insular England was so contented, so rich, too pleased with itself to suffer criticism; consequently our fiction was uncritical and unsexed till well into the 'eighties, when George Gissing first wrote honestly about the squalor and poverty of London, and was hated for his seriousness accordingly. Our fiction is seen to be ephemeral to-day because our national attitude can no longer be *self-deception*; Bernard Shaw unhorsed the "gentleman" and to-day women have entered the field. For the first time in this country sex is now recognised (Dickens never touched it). Women are seeing to that. We admit sex and even sex analysis in fiction to-day (read D. H. Lawrence). But Byron had to leave the country for a kiss, and Thackeray funked his Becky. The war has bayoneted Mrs. Grundy, and for Mr. Moore to withdraw in the full blast of the jazz era does seem rather an Irish "sentimental journey" backwards to Uncle Toby.

Thus Mr. Moore with his colloquial genius sees the psyche of humanity, not the individual of the passing show, which was the sense Gissing and Henry James introduced into our fiction. Therefore to him Turgeniev, the "Scythian artist," is supreme, Tolstoi rather a bungler. He takes the English gentleman's view of Tolstoi—bit of a nuisance. "Get back to art," Turgeniev writes on his deathbed to Tolstoi, for Turgeniev was no teacher or reformer and saw little hope. Nor can Mr. Moore, who can discern no outlet for art in the future until the era of mobility has passed and once more men take to potters' clay and the cult of beauty returns to them. So he leaves Mr. Gosse to his young poets, and the American

interviewer to his perturbations. "The smart hound gives tongue at all kinds of game; an utterly undependable cur: at this very moment he is baying in the coverts. At what? Rabbit, hare, or fox? 'Hark to Priapus!' cries Mudie. 'At him, Libertina!' shouts Smith. A mixed pack."

'Tis a pity Mr. George Moore has not widened his circle to at least five thousand readers, for *Avowals* is admirably just in its estimates and valuations, and a very spate of beautiful prose writing. He is the Anatole France of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. His genius is Pat, the Irish peasant, and—his pig. With him we are on earth, among the realities upon which he sprays the mountain-dew of his race. To us and even to civilisation *Avowals* is a message. It is to fight against the darkness which, as Shakespeare said, is the "burier of the dead," and to invoke the light of truth and sincerity. So long as England has her poet, she will endure. Our danger will come only when in these islands no man any longer has time enough to read, and so no man any longer is rich enough to think. Mr. George Moore abdicates—for his cause. He has made his bow. As he says, for eight hundred years there was no art; we may be entering upon another such period of stagnation. In a true sense the modern poet is the scientist. Wireless, radium, the submarine, the aeroplane—this is the poetry of modern life in a world that takes everything for granted, and it may be that the work of the pen and the brush has attained to its highest form and that in the arts only music, which is still, as it were, in its youth, will survive the age of locomotion, will be able still to compete with the epics of invention.

Mr. Moore may be right in his contention that the formula whereby we have known art for the last four hundred years will not return, which was what Whistler also said: "The history of art is complete."

Such is George Moore's lament. The story of the beautiful is written. We have to await the coming of a new goddess. Has he forgotten women? It is they who are writing to-day, probing, groping, unravelling; they surely will have a message and from the depths, for women are always in and of the essentials, and it was no woman who wrote *Peter Pan*. Their fairies are of this world.

In this, their sex epoch, they will probably revolutionise the whole scope and purpose of fiction, even as Jane Austen and notably the Brontë girls began to with the introduction of passion. If George Moore is pessimistic, *nous autres* are not, even though the modern equation of Shelley be the air-boy. And at the very end Mr. Moore himself is optimistic, and clearly he intends to enjoy himself in his dug-out, writing about the Troubadours and the love torments of Héloise and Abelard, a copy of which all who love literature will do well to subscribe for now, or maybe they will not be able to get it when it does appear and "high-life" is fighting for a book which, seeing that the period is the Middle Ages and the subject love, should indeed provide the author with matter conducive to his austerity in art and catholicity of treatment. Thus Mr. George Moore goes on with his select company to immortality, leaving our mortality to the libraries.

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Sketches by a Farm Hand

By F. Hamilton

Looking up a Bit.

"You want M., the carter," said D. in answer to my announcement as to whither I was bound. "Oh, he's gone to Dairy Farm, left Marsh Farm these six months, don't fancy he's bettered himself all the same."

"Reckon he hasn't, if he's left Marsh Farm," said I; "I didn't when I left there."

"Where did 'ee go then?" he asked.

"To Somerset."

"Ah, you should 'a stayed in these parts and gone to th' Aerodrome."

"Couldn't leave the stock," I answered bluntly.

"Well, you go straight on past Marsh Farm, and you'll find M. at Dairy Farm, the rich German's place." I went on.

But I didn't pass Marsh Farm. I never shall. I said, "May I come in?" but it wasn't necessary. Mrs. McF. was coming up the step from the pantry to the kitchen with a bowl of flour in one arm. She held me with the other, partly to steady herself, I fancy, for I had fallen upon her. There was something rather sticky about her dimpled chin; possibly it may have been treacle. She was making dough-balls, because expecting company that afternoon.

"I was going up home to Scotland," she laughed, "but there's so many of our relations coming down for a visit, now the war's over, that I'll no need to go up I'm thinking. Did you see the cowman's got his cottage done up?"

"Yes, and Carter, that lived next door to him, left you."

"We've got 'Ern' back. You knew 'Ern'—married little Annie that worked here. He's a much better ploughman than M., and so quiet is 'Ern.' You remember how M. used to shout at the horses." I thought this tarnishing of M.'s worth rather unnecessary. What I did remember was find-

ing his horses bedecked with countless brass ornaments bought with shillings of his own wages on the morning when he was to go to plough on the new lands on the hill that had just been added to ours. It was no judge at a fair that would see him, but the old hands that were remaining still there under the new ownership.

While I was watching the fat, to give word when it smoked, at which time it would be ready to receive the dough-balls, Harry sauntered in. Harry is as like his father as a flower opening at the apex of a stem is like that at the base. In the closing of his lips he is identical with his parent. In the inclination of his head he is the same. "A man had better not expect too much of his wife or his tractor," said Harry, "then he won't be disappointed. She's stopped again."

"Every cloud's got a silver lining," said the old man, when we began talking about the condition of the country.

I thought, "Probably it has for a Scotsman."

"He's saved about £120, I reckon," said the cowman to me in the dairy, "by looking ahead, as he always does, and getting all his grains—dry we has them—and his cake for next winter, last May."

"They'll come round when they see the red light ahead," went on the master. "When they've driven all the industry out of the country they'll come round for work then, and maybe won't find it."

"They're like boys as want a thrashing," says the ample wife.

"If it be a thrashing be a setting up of the folk of a country, then you might reckon on its being the Germans 'll get set up the first," said I.

"Well, we're getting along pretty well. It's no good meeting trouble half way."

"You are just the one for looking ahead," I retorted.

"What's hay going to be?—that's what I want to know. I've heard talk about twenty a ton. Some say it's going to be controlled. This morning's paper says it isn't."

He spoke these last words almost between his teeth, as if the remark were one to be kept close. At the same time he held his thumbs inside his waistcoat by the armholes.

G., the cowman, said he'd said in May that it wouldn't surprise him if hay were twenty pounds the winter.

"You're the right side, G., anyway, the other end to where the feeding stuffs come in," I said, for G. had told me, polishing gaily at the brass on the lid of the milk churns, that he was in business now.

"He buys the milk—seventy gallons this present month—wholesale from the master of Marsh Farm, and, taking over the milk round, makes what he may on it, and on some that he buys from a neighbouring farm. It's what they call profit-sharing, you see," says G. "One's got to start at the beginning," explains he gallantly. (How long, I thought, that beginning had been coming!) "In a year or two, who knows? I may get another horse and float. I could do twice as much business then. It's here to do."

"Keep clear of the feeding stuffs, G., that's all," I says.

"Cakeing now?" I asked.

"Hasn't been much else all summer. Four buckets to-day for the twenty-nine of them. But we get the milk."

"Now that's interesting work, that milk recording," says G. "We had the recorder here other day. Wasn't nowhere for him to go, so we put him up for the night, and he worked it out for us while he was here. He said we had two gallons and a quart average a day."

"Have you seen the missis yet?" inquired G.

"May I?"

"Yes, go and have a look at her."

I went to have a look at Mrs. G., and the cottage next door to M.'s that had lately been done up.

"It's bigger," I said, stepping into the front room.

"No, it isn't," she says. "It's the same, only they've put in that little grate." She pointed to the small modern fireplace, "and they put the stove in the back room. That's where the two sculleries was, so it makes a nice kitchen now. Yes, I'm quite proud of my sitting-room."

"I should think so. But, you know, people are for building a house now without a sitting-room, and for having a bath-room instead, but I don't know but what I'd sooner have a sitting-room. What do you think?"

"Well, I would," said Mrs. G. "You can have a bath in a bed-room if you're minded to."

"Look at the rugs," I exclaimed in admiration, looking at the bright mats that nearly covered the floor.

She laughed. "P'r'aps I was a bit extravagant."

"Well, now G.'s in business, in a manner of speaking, it's time to get rugs," I rejoined.

"I could never have them before," she said. "It wasn't no use till they boarded the floor."

"That'll keep the damp out," I said triumphantly. "You're looking a lot better, you know, not so drawn like. You don't go out now then?"

"No, not except Fridays. I just go up to the farm Fridays. But now Arthur's back it's as good as having two men about the place, and I don't go out. Arthur's away now with young Jim as worked along with him. They're having a few days at Eastbourne."

"I think you're right there, not to go out. You can always tell directly you goes into a house if a woman goes out. What you gain one way by it you pretty well lose another. The food goes further for a bit of doing up, and the socks goes further for a bit more mending."

"That's it," she says. "Now Mrs. M., she goes out still. She's no need to now. What with overtime, M. must be getting near £2 10*s*. I suppose she likes it. Her house was in a mess when she left it, though I didn't ought to say so." (Mrs. G.'s standard of cleanliness is very exacting, I may say.) "She' used to complain about the house; but what was the good of giving her a better house?"

"Well, you might find her in to-day, as it's a bit wet," she concluded as I rose to go.

It was about three o'clock when I found Mrs. M. down at the dairy farm, in a cottage that, excepting from the estate men, fetched eight shillings a week. M. paid three shillings for it. Mrs. M. was making jam. "Now, don't leave it," I implored.

"Oh, that's all right," she sang out. "There's no sugar in it yet."

The crockery used at the last meal was straying in various directions over the table. Hats and collars and ties were jostling for a foothold on slippery surface of horsehair or accumulated strata of magazine, or were resting on some point of vantage, such as the back of a chair, corner of a picture frame, or wheel of the sewing machine, where they would no doubt remain till evacuated at the termination of a long lease.

Mrs. M. began to "call in" the wandering cups and plates, and to plant out others, for,

"You must have something," she said.

I sat down by the fire, under the string of heel-less stockings.

How pretty she looked with a few odd folds of clean lace climbing round her throat, much as the spoilt collars had clung to the chairs, as the untied briar crawled over the window!

"You do look better, though," I smiled.

"Oh, I'm ever so much better up here. 'Twas so damp down at Marsh Farm. M. kept on asking if something couldn't be done to the house, but nothing ever was, so at last he said he'd have to look for a better cottage. I like a bit of fresh air, and I don't complain of having a pane or two out, but it doesn't look respectable to be always having bits of paper in the windows."

"But the house is all done up now," I said, "and Mrs. G.'s got her floor boarded."

"Ah, that was done after we left."

"I see," I said. "It sort of brought them to the scratch when you went."

"They'd never have done it so long as we stayed," she said.

We settled ourselves at the table and chatted over cups of tea, soft with creamy milk.

"I get a jug of that every day, and a jug of skim too, so I can always get a pudding."

Here she rose to peep into the oven, apologising thus:

"I've a dough-cake there. You can always get a bit of dough if you go for it before eight o'clock of a morning. Then I mix it with lard and currants. 'Tisn't much, you know, what you get for ten shillings at the grocer's now."

"I'm glad you weren't out this afternoon. You needn't go out now, need you? I thought things was looking up a bit for us."

"Well, it's the boots, you see," she said. "There's the two boys at school, and little Mary. I've been shocking a bit lately. It's not so heavy this year, for it's pretty dry, and thin too at that. It's just as well to have the wheat a bit damp—that's, of course, provided you ar'n't thrashing till spring—it doesn't heat like barley or oats do. M.'s at

dung-cart to-day, for we had a good shower last night. They may carry after tea, perhaps."

"He comes in about half-past five, doesn't he, now?"

"Generally; but he goes out again to the horses."

"Some of 'em don't start till seven," I remarked.

"Oh, we have breakfast at six just the same. M. goes out at five. You see, he likes to get in two or three feeds before they start at seven. It's better for them than giving them a blow-out. He never says nothing about the time unless he's in the fields. Of course, there's no harvest money or Michaelmas money now, so he takes his overtime (over his £2 2*s*. a week) when they are out in the fields. But I don't think it's nice to say anything about the time in the stables."

"Well, I never did myself," I said. "I reckon it takes all the interest out of your work if you've got to do that."

"That's what M. says," she rejoined.

"And how do you like the old gentleman?" I inquired.

"Oh, we don't see much of him. He leaves everything to the bailiff. He comes down on a Sunday morning to look at the books, that's all. He's very fond of the children, never makes a bit of bother about them, not like some people, who won't have children in their cottages."

"Now, are you sure you've had enough?" said Mrs. M. as she came to the gate. "Because there's plenty more if you haven't."

On Making Half-Crowns.

"I used to be a gamekeeper. It's a worse life than a policeman's with the night and day work. But I liked a scuffle at night," said D.

"I thought I was going to hear something, see something down the alleys of the woods. I am boiling tea for dinner," he went on.

"It's getting on that way," I complied.

So while the black can hung on the single stick over the fire I listened, my eyes far away. D.'s eyes too looked ahead of or past me, at the memory image of some figure he gripped in the dark, a figure with head thrown back, as the sudden jerk of the elbow made its point. That elbow stood out before me in position in the foreground of the picture, in flesh and blood, or rather in bone and muscle.

"He wouldn't get up," said D.

"Perhaps he couldn't," I remarked.

"Don't know about that. They separated us. It was a pity they hadn't let us finish, some said.

"As a matter of fact, that poacher hadn't met his man. It was my brother he had a grudge against. He must have took me for him," said D. "He came on me sudden and give me a blow, so I just turned round and said, 'What be you playing at, then?' Then comes another, and then I knew he meant business. A keeper never carries a gun, maybe his staff, but that's all he goes out with. An old poacher will be glad to get off when his bag's lightened for him. It's these half-and-half, these half-bred poachers 'll play up dirty.

"There was a keeper where I was had lost both eyes by a poacher's shot, and one of them in that place was killed. He had said to his wife, 'If anyone has me, it'll be that feller Eversly.' So when the new keeper comes to the place he says, 'I'll put a stop to this sort of thing. The first night he takes his gun with 'en, and puts a shot into first of them he sees. Then slips home and gets to bed where he stays till eight o'clock next morning."

"S'pose you've got to be out of the way after a job of that sort," I remark.

"Yes, if there hasn't been assault."

"Did Eversly swing?"

"No, got transported for life. He'd put the keeper in the canal. Next day beside it he was trimming a quick-set hedge, slashing at it with the hook, when the two police in plain clothes came on him. They didn't like to tackle him quite, so they sits down and talks to him a bit about that there hedge. After a bit they gives him half-a-crown to let 'em try their hand at it. Then when they'd got the hook they took 'en."

"Dirty trick," I said.

"Dirty? Cute, I calls it," said D.

"Did he go to Australia?"

"Yes; but after twenty-one years he got away somehow, and come around the old place to see his brother. But they was looking for 'en. Asked his brother if he'd seed him. He said he hadn't. They went upstairs, for the woman what he lodged with, she was confined,

and they asked her, 'Has any stranger been in the house?' She answered, 'No, nobody only Eversly's brother.' That's all they wanted to know. Nobody never seed nothing of 'en again. Nor did his brother. But, of course, it's possible that his brother may have done."

That's what the hunting of ground game turns to, the tracking of a man to the very verge of existence, the hunting of a man's soul to hell. Fool to be trapped by a silver half-crown! How bitterly and often must he have cursed himself that he had not stuck to the taking of game and eschewed the making of these things!

"I never knew any of them to get fat, you know," said D. with slight condescension. "They do it for the drinks."

"And the night's sport," I suggested.

"Say they get a hare," said D. "They take it to the public and get half-price for it, and that's gone before they come out. There were three of them caught three times in one night. I met my mate at the 'Mowers' Arms'—we always arranged a meeting-place once of a night. I said, 'They're about again. They had them at Longwood, then they got on to Merewood, and they had them again there, and I'll reckon they'll be on us afore long.'

"My mate stopped with me till just after twelve, then he says, 'They won't come to-night,' and goes home. His old girl wouldn't let him rest much when she heard he'd left me like that. She was for sending of him back, she told me after. It wasn't long after he'd gone neither that one of them came right past where I was hiding. I downed him."

"What were the other two doing?" I inquired.

"Peering to see who it was had 'en, for, of course, I saw to it they didn't hear no sound from him. I let 'en keep one or two in his pockets, for I couldn't be bothered with the lot. I saw one of the others slipping a rabbit or two down his pockets. He was the butcher. I knew him, quite a decent chap.

"So I says to him, 'Now, then, hand over that hare,' and I put that along with the six that I'd got. 'Who's that bloke along with you?' said I.

"'Oh, he's nothing to do with us.'

"'You're a liar,' I says, but he took to his heels. I let 'en go, as I'd got all I wanted," added D. by way of a satis-

factory explanation of the conclusion of the night's adventure and single-handed combat. The others got three pounds fine and then five shillings for each rabbit. Then they were handed over to the food controller and fined again for having so much meat on hand.

"Well," I remarked, "rabbits are more worth a night's work than they used to be."

We talked a bit about present prices and wages, and the strength of the union, which D. put at not much. Then he said, "I could have gone to the Aerodrome, but I didn't quite come by it.

"Yes, the work's still going on at the Aerodrome, but the 'art of it's gone. Why, I know a man there that gets twelve shillings a night, and all he's got to do is to trim a few lamps and sit by his fire."

"A good night's work that," said I.

The Objective Direction in Contemporary Music

By Leigh Henry

Music and Modern Influences.

In all spheres of contemporary life can be discerned the workings of powerful new influences. The process of change which pervades all things, from the growth of seemingly immobile rocks and crystals to the visible, manifold activity of mankind, is more cumulatively demonstrated to-day than ever before.

Through the acceleration of scientific research, humanity has come into contact with unfamiliar and, in many instances, unsuspected natural forces. Within an unprecedentedly short space of time, thousands of novel outlets have been created for the passage of the stream of energy which constitutes the motive-power of evolution. The old order of things is being swept away with unexampled speed.

Direct, objective investigation and experiment, constant activity and initiative, ever directed towards fresh co-ordination and increased efficiency, are the qualities demanded by the present era. Confronted with strange and, as yet, indeterminable forces, we are compelled to abandon our absolute strongholds of stereotyped standards and conventions; what we now erect must be constructed, not in conformity with outworn patterns or formulæ, but in accordance with the necessities revealed by practical and empirical research.

A corresponding development in human psychology is inevitable. With the growth of complexity in the physical environment, with the accumulation and interplay of countless new emotional and intellectual associations, the modern sensibility has acquired a multiplicity of perception and a capacity for reaction which immeasurably exceed the scope of the simpler, con-

sciousness of the past. The material, emotional, and intellectual aspects of to-day are products of elements which have either never until now entered into the conscious life of mankind, or else which have, under present conditions, assumed totally new significances, and cannot, therefore, be measured by the old standards or expressed in terms of the old media. Everywhere totally novel proportions evince themselves; undetermined quantities require computation; new ideas of relativity are imperative. The laws and concepts of earlier periods are futile when applied to things unimagined at the time of their inception.

Hence art, a direct expression of human sensibility, is affected at the present time in all its branches in a manner proportionate to the developments taking place in its generators. Thus it comes about that in every vital type of contemporary art a strenuous seeking for new media is evident. The traditional art-forms, theories, and conventions will no longer serve to express the increasedly complex psychology of the present. They pertain to moods and motives different from those of to-day; new elements and motives have also entered in. As Nicholas Beauduin writes in his *Cité Moderne*:—

> "Les horizons nouveaux sont enfin découverts,
> et nous planons dans le sillage des hélices,
> et palpitons avec délices
> dans la méchanique de l'univers. . . ."

In the words of Esch: "To the renewal of action, to the exaltation of human energies, to the courageous affirmation of existence, to the glorification of all the aspects and enthusiasms of contemporary life, in a word, to the moral grandeur of our time, a new art must respond."

Thus music within the last decade has taken on a new identity. At first purely sensual, in that it was directed only to the gratification of the sensatory parts of consciousness, music, having evolved through stages of development corresponding to the changes and expansions of the human intelligence, is to-day emerging from a long slavery to "literary" purposes, and is taking on a function purely expressive, and comparatively spiritual, in the French sense. Hence it has become more creative, less a mechanical craft, than ever before in its history: the material factor of external form is taking its

rightful place as a medium, a means, not an end in itself. This holds good for all branches of art to-day, but music, in a manner of speaking, less material, since it deals in sound, not concrete matter, has re-acted more markedly than the sister branches, and in so doing has been obliged to discard drastically the theories and formulæ by which, hitherto, it has been governed and moulded.

The Academic System.

No other art has so suffered by having its essential nature limited in operation, if not altogether perverted, by the imposition of ideals and theories of an extra-intrinsic type than has music during the whole course of its history.

From the earliest known technical and æsthetic musical writings to the academic treatises on musical rudiments, theory, harmony, counterpoint, and musical form which obstruct the natural development of the unfortunate music student of to-day, *sound*, the primary essential, has been subordinated, and made a secondary consideration, to abstract extra-musical conceptions and arbitrary theories.

From Pythagoras to Prout, and later, the theoreticians have determined tonal relationships (the ultimate decisive quantity in musical values), not by the inherent qualities and sensatory appeal of sound treated objectively, but by the arbitrary application of formulæ borrowed from the other arts, and from foreign sciences, in accordance with a purely hypothetical assumption of correspondences existing between them and music which, on practical experiment, resolve themselves into only the most general intellectual analogies.

Thus the theoretical basis of the triple combination (dancing, chanted verse, and instrumental accompaniment), which the Greeks designated "music," was mathematical, as witness the writings of Aristides, Aristotle, Euclid, Ptolemy, Pythagoras, and others. To these succeeded the Gregorian modes, direct derivatives of the Greek systems, and with an identical basis, further complicated by the introduction of intricate modulatory and sequential formulæ, such as those invented by Notker in the tenth century. From this source, accentuated by mystical theories of numerical symbolism, developed an arithmetical concep-

tion of musical values which persisted throughout the Middle Ages, as witness the teachings of Cluny, archicantor of the Basilica of St. Martin de Tours (900–909 A.D.), Reginion (*circa* 900), St. Isadore (eleventh century), Jean de Garlande and Jerome of Moravia (thirteenth century), Walter Odington, Tunstede, Dunstable, and Jean de Muris (fourteenth century), the *Theorica Musica* of Garfurius, and the *Arithmetica, Geometria, et Musica Boethae* of Boethius (both published 1492), the title of the latter work being sufficiently indicative of the prevalent conception. Nor was the Renaissance, despite its creative musical stimulus, productive of any essential broadening of the basis of musical theory. The *Dodekachordon: or the Twelve Modes* of Glareanus, published 1547, to which we owe the inception of the diatonic system, was but the specialised development of certain particulars of the diverse, more irregular system already in use. Finally, with the publication of the *Institutions* of the Venetian, Zarlino, who introduced the tried formation of harmonic writing, a code of harmonic legislature was established which, regardless of all subsequent creative developments or technical discoveries, has been consistently adhered to in all its essentials by the academicians ever since.

Rhythm has suffered in much the same manner as tonal relationships, despite its obviously mobile function in music. From the chanted or instrumentally-performed accompaniment regulating the periodicity of movement in primitive communal labour, through the music accompanying the movements of ancient Greek ceremonies and early Church ritual, together with the semi-secular carols and round-games of the Middle Ages, to the inception of the still accepted system of time-signatures, rhythm has been restricted, with ever-increasing severity, within the compass of certain regular, arithmetical measurements, of utilitarian, not expressive, origin. From this system of divisioning arose the "musical forms" of the "classical period," the standards of all academic teaching. Chants, mathematically balanced, such as the arrangements of strophe, anti-strophe, and epode of the Greek chorus, with the varied use of the third section as mesode and preode; the two-section verses, followed by an Alleluia, of the Latin Sequences; the alternate solo and chorus periods of

the rondo, derived from communal dances and singing games; the measured steps of formal dances, such as the bransle, gigue, sarabande, gavotte, corante, menuet, etc.—these are the sources from which developed the chorals, canons, fugues, toccate, variations, suites, sonate, sonatine, symphonies, and symphonic poems which even to-day constitute the boundaries of academic musical construction and form. In short, one discovers on investigation that the generally-accepted conception of musical form is, in origin and in characteristics, something quite foreign to the purely aural and expressive nature of music as sound, and that its basis is determined by architectonic theories, by abstract, extra-musical ideals and mathematical formulæ, not by objectively-derived laws intrinsic to the nature of sound and tonal colour.

Hence it is not surprising that the development of human sensibility has revealed possibilities in the realm of musical expression which existing musical theories are incapable of explaining. For nothing can stem the tide of evolution; the theories of the academicians rest upon too weak and arbitrary a basis for them even to offer it much resistance. The pedagogues and musical Brahmins to-day must throw off their load of stuffy prejudices and stereotyped text-books and swim—or drown.

The New Spirit and Methods in Music.

More and more clearly is it coming to be recognised that thinking, of which ideas, theories, and concepts are but a by-product, forms only a part of the functioning of the human brain. The generally-accepted broad terms, "emotion" and "intellect," never precise, are to-day absurd, and convey nothing of the multiple operation of the complex modern psychology. The relationship and interdependence of sensation and thought have been incontrovertibly apparent, as has also the fact that the process of thinking, in its most accurate meaning, has one definite, practical object, that of co-ordinating the individual thinker with the remainder of the world of phenomena which forms his environment. Ideas and concepts have value only in their relationship to this process. Hence they are specific, not general, in their significance. It follows, therefore, that

all thought, with its resultant concepts, reverts for ultimate verification to the experience of the individual. No dogma, no theory or system of ethics, æsthetics, philosophy, or technique can possess general, absolute authority or application. Everyone is justified in rejecting an hypothesis which he cannot verify personally. The source of real knowledge is in being, not in thinking, in practices, not in theories. Thinking is only of practical value when it is personal; dogma is a by-product of that abstract thinking which is an excess of the intellect: allowed to dominate, it obstructs, if it does not eventually inhibit, the full operation of the brain. We can only keep sane by remembering that the brain is but a part of the physical organism, even as is the stomach. Overloading of either leads to indigestion, mental or physical respectively. The academic theories are dogmatic ideas produced by abstract thinking; viewed beside the actual facts of musical practices for decades past, they represent a kind of musical *idée fixe*—and even in music the *idée fixe* is a kind of madness.

It is impossible for art to exist healthily within the restrictions of abstract theory or systems of ideas. No absolute standard of æsthetics can be intelligently maintained, since no real basis for such a standard, in its general aspect, actually exists. Art, apart from artifice, as the expression of human consciousness, depends upon the experience by which that consciousness has been evoked: such experience is dependent upon conditions which change with every epoch, and differs with every individual; hence it is impossible to confine art-expression—the realisation of that experience—within even the widest of permanent intellectual terms. For one-half, at least, of our experience is sensatory, and all art-conceptions are conveyed ultimately through sensatory media. For the artist to convey fully the significance of the motive of his art-conception, it is necessary for him to incorporate into the material in which he works, elements which will evoke what Jacques Copeau terms "*un état de sensibilité*," by which the sensations of the experience producing its essential mood may be recreated. Mere craft or formula will not avail, nor any artificially-assimilated concept. For, as William James says: "Sensations, once experienced, modify the nervous organism,

so that copies of them arise in the mind after the original outward stimulus is gone. No mental copy, however, can arise in the mind of any sensation which has never been directly excited from without."

It follows, therefore, that to discern the values and relationships of the elements producing any impression or conception, and also to select the most exactly expressive media in which to convey it, the artist can only rely upon his own sensibility, since he has only his own personal experience to turn to for that comparative judgment which decides all evaluations. No conventional formula will be infallible. He must, therefore, be entirely free from all theoretical premise to choose the closest affinities and correspondences afforded by his media, which, initially, only his individual sensibility can perceive.

In short, both the conception and execution of any art-work must, initially and ultimately, be governed by the psychology of the individual art-creator. The resources at his disposal are determined by the nature of the media afforded by the branch of art in which he works. The extent of such resources can only be discerned by direct, empiric investigation of the elements from which they emanate, *i.e.*, those producing the nature of the media, and their full possibilities can only be ascertained by further and more particularised experiment, the purpose to which the results are eventually applied again reverting to the experience occasioning that purpose, and, therefore, subject to the individual impulse from which that purpose emanated.

Thus, in music, where the real nature of the medium—that of *sound*—has never until recently been the primary consideration in constructive work, and where the expressive capacity of that medium has been subjected to abstract intellectual theses and narrow, static technical systems, the acutened sensibility of to-day, with its consequent needs of precise expression, has brought about a dual revolution. The old play of artifice in ideas and craft is being swallowed up in stronger, more expressive impulses. The objective of modern composition, as demonstrated in the works of all the younger and more virile contemporary composers, is to render music truly expressive and creative, not merely constructionally craftful. It moves further and further

every day from any abstract theory of art or life. The modern composer can accept neither abstract formulæ or creed of ideals. With the old technical irrelevancies must go also the further superstructures of abstract ethics, ideals, and sentiments which, from the Greek metaphysicians such as Plato to the musical philosophers of more recent times, such as Richard Wagner and his followers, have tended to distract the mind of the creative musician from free individual expression, and from the direct, fluid treatment of the media at his disposal. Empiric methods and independent thought based on tonal actualities, on experiment, investigation and personal selection—these, with imagination to discern unutilised possibilities, are the sole means to full, sincere, and truly creative expression. Everywhere to-day we are striving to penetrate to essentials, to re-co-ordinate the wreck occasioned by a sterile tradition of civilisation, and to conserve energy, and to do this successfully we must deal freely, directly, and unprejudicedly with all quantities, in life, and in that art which is its expression. NE QUID NIMIS . . . everything superfluous must go.

THE CONSEQUENT NECESSITIES IN MUSICAL CRITICISM.

With such developments influencing creative musical work, it is apparent that some corresponding alteration in the attitude of the musical critic must take place. For the critical function, even as the art with which it deals, has been limited and mis-directed in the past. Its whole exercision, judging by the majority of examples, has been hitherto but little more than a mere mechanical adjudication of craftsmanship, based upon the fixed system of academic theory, and determined by the formal comparison afforded by a limited number of models, *i.e.*, the works of such composers as have elements in common with the conventional theories, and which have, therefore, through reiterated citing, come to be accepted as "classical."

Thus a cult of traditionalism has been established which has caused musical criticism to become utterly degenerate, and, in any real meaning of its name, non-existent. For obsession by tradition is in itself degenerate, in that it persistently turns the mind backward towards the past. By living in continual retrospect the whole consciousness

becomes blunted to the actualities about it; the present is lost in contemplation of dead epochs. The "classicist" has eyes only in the back of his head.

When this retrogressive tendency results in the setting-up of the products of the past as a standard for the present and future, it becomes deplorably stupid and dangerous to the vitality of art. For every new stage of development introduces new forces and new forms. The critic may affirm, after the fullest possible investigation and comparison, that a particular work is a "classic," *i.e.*, that it embodies the highest achievement to date in any particular form. But it is absurd and presumptuous to set such work up as a type to which all succeeding works must conform.

The whole of tradition is but a mental museum of dogmatic opinions, all ultimately personal. As Rémy de Gourmont wrote: "Considered as a fact, tradition is merely a mass of contradictory tendencies. You do not accept tradition? Then tradition is a choice." All choice, however, is again a matter of the individual temperament, inherent, or developed by experience. In a new age, confronted by new and multiplied aspects, we have, therefore, an increased range of choice. We must inevitably include in such choice things unknown to the past. If the artist be possessed of the highest creative faculty, imagination, he will reveal things equally unknown to precedent. For the essential mark of imagination is the projection of possibilities. On the other hand, tradition always seeks to limit effort and thought to things already realised and accepted. Therefore tradition must go.

To be truly creative, the composer must free himself of precedent. He must live freely and spontaneously, and to the full of contemporary conditions. Only by keeping in constant touch with life can he realise the expressive possibilities of its stimuli; only by such realisation can he develop that constructive vision which, revealing such possibilities for expression in art or invention, is the creator of the future. It was in this sense that Ibsen spoke when he said that the greatest poet (and for poet substitute any other type of artist) is the one who stands nearest to the future.

Consequently, the critic, if he is to fulfil his true function, that of analysing and interpreting art, must shake himself free from all prejudices and abstract concepts. He,

even as the artist, must acquire constructive vision. Modern music, as all modern art, being expressive in intention, he must treat each individual art-work objectively, viewing it intrinsically, and seeking, by direct analysis of the elements present in each separate work, to penetrate to the motives inherent in it, and by which it is actuated, apart from all creeds or formulæ. Mere musical erudition will serve him but little, though thorough musical knowledge he must have; a reliance on the canons of conventional theory will be worse than useless. New purposes bring new methods and forms to express them. The day of the narrow, restrictedly-"musical" critic has passed, so far as serious criticism is concerned. To-day the musical critic must keep in touch with every manifestation of the spirit of his time, as expressed in the thought, action, art, and general life of that time. Thus only will he obtain the comparative vista which will enable him to comprehend and interpret the significances of that art-content which is to-day the first consideration in art. His judgment of technique must be based on the necessities of expression implied by that content, and be determined by the expressive efficiency of the media utilised by the artist to express it.

The most difficult part of the exercision of the critical function lies in the avoidance of habit. No objective perception can be exercised if the mind is a slave of association or habits of thought. Thus standards become established, and no standard can be permanent, absolute, or even generally efficient to govern judgment.

The great thing is the development of sensibility and sympathetic appreciation, in order to be able to view creative work intrinsically, and discern its *real*, or *actual*, value and relativity, no matter in how strange a guise it come. Destructive criticism has no real value, save as an occasional implement with which to clear away refuse. The critic, to justify his existence, must make his direction that of CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM.

Above all, he must welcome innovation, not set his face against it. For change is the one constant thing in existence. As Francis Grierson has said: "We shall not reach finality till the last flicker of hope goes out on the shores of Silence and Eternity."

Episode

By Bonamy Dobrée

How intolerably dull life was,—no, not intolerably; if that were the case one might be driven to do something. He gazed out of his window at the familiar street; bright sunshine that would have meant something definite even a year ago now failed to arouse the least wisp of pleasure. How stupid that acorn at the end of the blind cord! It had been there for years, always exactly the same; he would get it changed.

It was all so interminably repetitive: there were still some pleasurable enough sensations, but they were so ridiculously monotonous. He turned to his writing-table. How long would he have to go on turning out this mediocre stuff for the magazines? The popular taste; how disgusting—*Niais*, yes, that was the word, *niais*.

He heard his wife come down the stairs and call to her dog. His wife. The idea, somehow, seemed to have very little connection with actuality. It was like a dim memory. He was still fond of her, of course, but in spite of all that her voice was becoming unpleasant, distinctly unpleasant. Or was it that he was changing? It was curious how one didn't notice things about oneself; one took so much for granted.

He moved slowly over to the glass above the mantelpiece, and confronted a man something under forty, with a wide, rather disagreeably white forehead, well-fed cheeks, and a blond drooping moustache Mouth . . . hm, yes quite a good mouth, lips neither too thin nor too thick, firm, rather too small, perhaps. Chin—he quite liked the chin, not obstinate enough on the whole, rather like—where had he read the description?—"the heel of a foot." Eyes? At the moment commonplace, the whole face, in fact, rather commonplace. Yet he had done some good stuff. Were the eyes growing disillusioned? Distinctly—not vertebrate enough to be cynical. Silly phrase!

He felt out of gear, without relationship to anything, people, politics, thought. Yet he was well enough. It was all rather futile, like his room, well ordered but futile. Life was such an insoluble puzzle, requiring such nicety

of adjustment, such a regulation of impulse for the sake of ultimate satisfaction. "Is life worth living?" *Daily Mail.* A pertinent question, but only a fool waits for an answer. Forty! Had he attained some climacteric of his existence? Feminine idea that. Still, we were very complex nowadays, if not physically, at least mentally hermaphroditic.

He decided to go out; he would go out to lunch: there was movement outside, and it was movement that he wanted. Everything at home was so stagnant, hermetically sealed. It must feel something like that in a submarine. Out, out into the crowd. Gregarious phase, herd instinct. Very well, then he was of the herd. Still, if one went to observe one was apart. Honestly he was not going to observe, but to rub shoulders. *Vox populi, vox Dei*, possibly—or *le culte de l'incompétence*? Quite right, both right. "And the Bishop said 'the ways of God are strange.'"

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He walked from Bayswater across the Park to Piccadilly. The cold air gave him neuralgia. He must eat more meat—metabolism of the foodstuffs. He blundered along the Serpentine. Watts' Physical Energy caught his attention, absurd, pretentious nonsense, emasculated, like all that crowd of artists; better the cheap witticisms and facile harlotry of Whistler than the moral humbug. The Diana statue, now, that was rather better; pediment too fussy, but otherwise good honest clear-cut work; a bit obvious, perhaps, but still you can't expect Epstein or Gaudier-Brzeska in a London park. English horror of realities, complicated by sex phobia.

Very symptomatic, the sexuo-pathological phase—earnest maidens studying Freud and Weininger. Shocking amount of perversion too, a sort of war neurosis, creeping into literature everywhere, read into it even where it did not exist, as in James Joyce's *Exiles*. Absurd amount of fuss made over the sex business. Thank God he had got over all that long ago. Perfectly natural function, had settled down to it for fifteen years; no need to let it distract one from work if taken like that. Not much romance about it now, but still one was saved a lot of trouble. Not quite as bad as Walter Shandy yet. Why think about it? A man must get free from his physical limitations some time. We've got beyond all that now. "What distinguishes man

from the animals is that he drinks when he isn't thirsty and makes love all the year round." But he needn't. After all, absurd nonsense—*le contact de deux épidermes*. Sound old cynic, Chamfort.

He found himself being carried past his club in the flux and reflux of the Piccadilly pavement. Should he go in there? No, pompous bores, dead-alive sort of place, as bad as home; no contact with reality. "That damned Smillie" sort of thing; no imagination. Proud of having registered during the railway strike; pillars of society kind of pose. Nothing concrete.

He passed Hatchett's, Ye Olde White Horse Cellar. Flummery. Same sort of atmosphere, a little more lively perhaps, but no spontaneity. Boccherini's minuet by request kind of place. Vapid culture with a sneaking preference for rag-time. One of the worst hypocrisies of the "ruling class," this glutinous attempt to stick clammily on to culture. Effete sort of condition, ripe for revolution—all the signs of it. Read Carlyle. "Clotted nonsense" not altogether true. The American gibe, "dyspeptic eunuch," better. Curious the faces of the people at present. Blatant sexuality and extraordinary hardness on the men's faces, and the women screaming after excitement. Wonderful how war ennobles the race! Capitalist cant! Why capitalist? *Daily Herald* as bad as any of them.

Piccadilly Circus. Where was he going to lunch? Try the other side or go up to Soho? No glamour about Soho now. Flower sellers under the statue. Francis Thompson, pure soul no doubt, but not so interesting as De Quincey's Ann, or even that woman in Zola's *L'Oeuvre*. They do these things more easily in France. One cannot imagine an English Stendhal; either hopeless sentimentality or Johnsonian beastliness. Sycophantic swine. "His example may be bad, sir, but his instincts are good. He never passes a church without taking his hat off."

He stood listlessly on the pavement by Scott's, undecided about his lunch. The faces that passed him were ridiculously devoid of interest. They seemed always to have been there, like his stupid blind-cord bob. He drifted past Lyons'. He might go in there, sufficiently proletariat, of the black-coated variety; not much bothering about forms. Simple people who wanted to eat, ingenuous people. There was movement there at any rate. Great

heart of the people hanging on Bottomley's words once a week. Clever fellow; knows his public at any rate. A good deal in that. Would take a Balzac to write about him properly. He took his seat at a table with three other men.

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Animals all three—a weasel, a toad, and the third a sort of hybrid between George Robey and a horse. Thank God they didn't talk; they read their papers. Snatches from the next table, women of course. "A bad man is bad, but a bad woman's worse." Comforting doctrine that. He looked round at the other tables. Was this really the nation that had won the war? This must be the democracy the world had been made safe for; the comforting thought was that it hadn't been made safe. That was rather a nice-looking girl there, three tables away; knew how to wear a hat, too. He caught her eye and looked away sharply. Waitress! Waitress! How abominably slow they were here. He chose something from the list.

He might have brought something to read. One might read Rimbaud, *Paris se repeuple*—same sort of conditions, same sort of beastliness. Terribly absorbed in just the things of the moment. Not a metaphysical race like the Russians. Food was the important thing for them now, hot, stinking flesh; fearfully pervading smell everywhere. Human smell too, furtive ashamed sort of smell, like a George Moore novel; not like a regiment after a hot march. Somehow there had been something stimulating about that. He found himself looking at the girl again. Attractive colouring, but not much else. His food arrived.

He ate slowly, distractedly, listening to more conversation. "Do you know, I got it for three nine a half; a perfect bargain." "And I said to her, 'What can you expect from a man like that?'" "And she takes iron and arsenic every day now." Fatuous idiots, not amusing even in their stupidity. His eye strayed to the girl again; he found her looking at him: rather nice eyes, a sort of indeterminate grey, and a well-modelled face. She looked away before he did, but he kept his eyes on her, hoping she would look again. This was rather amusing. She did look, and finding his eyes still upon her, a faint smile flickered about her mouth. He suddenly felt abashed, and looked away; a slight flush warmed his forehead. This was

absurd, schoolboyish; why had he blushed? The girl could mean nothing to him. He was past all that sort of thing, had never done it, in fact. Vulgar, superficial—human all the same.

After a while he stole another look at her, covertly. His values were changing; something was happening to him to-day. He must do more reading. He caught her eye again, or, to be more exact, found her gaze fixed quite calmly upon him. He wavered for a moment, but decided not to be looked down, and returned her look, dwelling more insistently upon her lips which seemed to be slightly pouted towards him. They were not well-shaped lips, rather amorphous, but still, they looked soft, warm and delicious. What was that phrase, "soft, warm and delicious"? Oh yes, of course, that delightfully human person Erasmus, talking about English girls.

He found curiosity gaining upon him; the physiological curiosity of the male, he decided. Absurd, when he had put all that behind him; it interfered with his work, was damnably unsettling. At the same time he was unalterably a piece of reproductive mechanism. "A hen is only an egg's way of getting another egg laid."

Damn it! He couldn't help looking at her; after all, why shouldn't he? *Nous ne sommes pas béguenles, nous!* Her eyes were on him again, with a deliberate injection of voluptuousness in them. They held him, and he gazed depth upon depth into their grey, and although he was three tables away, he seemed to be looking into them from quite close. There was nobody else in the room, only a confused murmur. She got up. She would have to pass his table to go out. His eyes free from hers, he considered. He found he was trembling, idiotically excited, with all sorts of queer peripheral sensations over his body. Should he get up and go too? Should he at his age, and with settled habits, indulge in a vulgar affair of this kind? Despicable animal rutting. She passed behind him, brushing him lightly with her sleeve as she went. The touch sobered him. His heart was beating violently, throbbing through his head. He could feel the rhythmic elastic stretching of his skin over his ribs. He waited a few minutes, till he imagined it was safe, and walked home. Coward? Sensible fellow? Coward? Yes, on the whole coward, he thought. Why thwart one's animality—but still, infernal

waste of time that sort of thing. All right for boys. But still . . . the image persisted regretfully in his mind. Vanity tickled, he decided, at the thought that these things were still possible for him. Life should be plunged into regardless of consequences.

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He went into his room, the sun was shining right in, and he flung open the window. It came to him that it really was a very pleasant room. He fingered the blind cord absently; rather a jolly little bob after all, in its unconsciously Victorian comicality. He sat down with some pleasure at his writing-table to begin his weekly article. He jotted down a few ideas, and began to arrange them into sentences. His brain was working well. He felt well; he was conscious of the joy of literary creation. It felt nice to move the pen over the paper. Yet, those eyes; as he thought of them a delicious sensation filled his chest; he hadn't felt like that for fifteen years. It gripped him. Was one after all capable of new sensations at forty, still insatiable? He got up and stretched himself, the article scarcely begun.

He moved to the looking-glass above the mantelpiece. Vanity? Curiosity? It didn't matter; it pleased him to look at himself. His eyes were different now; no disillusion this afternoon. He heard his wife come in. She too had been out to lunch. How pleasant her voice sounded! What a fool he had been ever to think it unpleasant. She came into his room. "My dear," she cried, "how nice you are looking to-day!" He kissed her with more pleasure than he remembered to have felt for years.

She left him to work, but he did no more writing. He sank into his armchair and lapsed into reverie. Was it all going to begin again? He stared blankly into the future. Gradually a weariness, a horror almost, overcame him. Those efforts that would recommence, those fatiguing continences, those racking, unfruitful incontinences. How little one gained from one's system of values, from one's complexity, which was supposed to be such a source of delight! We made our complexities by retaining the attitude of ages with which we had nothing in common. He shrugged his shoulders mentally. After all, he repeated ironically, "A hen is only an egg's way . . ."

Power or Secret Diplomacy

By a "Foreign" Journalist

At the beginning of the war and for a long time subsequently, "secret diplomacy" was denounced in unsparing terms by public, press and politicians. Articles appeared in all shades of newspapers decrying a state of democratic control, which yet in all secrecy could have a military alliance "of honour" unknown to Parliament—as was our case in August, 1914; unknown even to the Cabinet—as also was the case. This latter but astonishing fact is forgotten to-day with so many other matters. It is, therefore, well to remind the public that when the nature of our secret understanding with France was known in the historic week July 27–August 4, Lord Morley and Mr. John Burns resigned, at the time undoubtedly as a mark of democratic protest.

Another fact also should to-day be publicly restated. At least six other members of the Cabinet *nominally resigned*, and at the famous War Council Mr. Lloyd George himself was against entering the war solely by virtue of a pledge given to France by a few Ministers unknown to the country, unknown to Parliament, and unknown to the Government. Indeed, this was Sir E. Grey's tragic difficulty. He was clearly pledged in honour to aid France, but he knew that the country was wholly unaware of such a liability, and the dilemma largely explains the weakness of his position at an hour when a firm, unequivocal announcement from Britain would in all probability have prevented war.

The third fact is this. Our position was so ambiguous even on August 2, 1914, that the final decision was really taken as the result of outside Party pressure. The story has been told, truthfully so, by Mr. Leo Maxse. It was Lord Lansdowne who actually turned the scales in favour of war—he who has since been denounced as a pro-German

or something equally vulgar. It was Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Bonar Law who really decided the Cabinet to declare war in a memorable letter, dated August 2, 1914, in which they declared, on behalf of "all the colleagues whom we have been able to consult," that it "*would be fatal to the honour and security of the United Kingdom to hesitate in supporting France and Russia at the present juncture, etc.*"

That letter—and note the word *security*—clinched our participation. Sir E. Grey gave his curious assurance of naval support to the French Ambassador, tantamount, of course, to a declaration of war, for it meant our automatic hostility in the event of the German Fleet coming out and was naturally so interpreted in Berlin. And here we have proof of the reason and motives of our entry into war. We entered it to support France in accordance with the secret, yet unwritten, understanding. There was *no mention of Belgium*. Our Governmental declaration of military assistance was given to France on August 2 and was immediately viewed in Europe to mean war. That night the German Government presented an ultimatum to Belgium asking leave to march troops through Belgian territory.

All this has been lucidly and judicially brought out in Lord Loreburn's book, *How the War Came*. True, he deals only with documentary statements. His attitude is almost ingenuous (he was a member of the Government at the time). He ignores the under-currents of secret diplomacy; still more the subterranean influences, interests, and forces which always direct diplomacy, and in the days immediately preceding war undoubtedly did control. Lord Loreburn examines the matter like a judge. What he unravels is incontestable as fact. His exposition is unanswerable—on the facts. He is particularly judicial on the point of Belgium as a *casus belli*.

This is important. Lord Loreburn's facts are these. The German Ambassador asked Sir Edward on August 1 whether, "if Germany gave a promise not to violate Belgian neutrality, we would engage to remain neutral?"; to which Sir Edward answered: "I could not say." The Ambassador then asked whether Sir Edward "would formulate conditions on which Britain would remain neutral"; again Sir Edward replied that "we must keep our hands free," repeating that statement even when the German Ambassador

asked whether Britain would not remain neutral if the integrity of France and her colonies were guaranteed.

Lord Loreburn sums up: Sir Edward Grey's attitude meant that he would not bind Britain to neutrality in the event of war between France and Germany in order to save Belgium; he, therefore, refused to give the German Ambassador any formula of neutrality for the sake of France, not for the sake of Belgium, as commonly thought here. To put it popularly. We probably could have saved Belgium from invasion on a common arrangement of neutrality. We did not *because we were in honour bound to go to the aid of France*. Now the war was not technically a Franco-German war, it was a Russo-German war. We went to war, then, to quote Lord Loreburn, "unprepared in a Russian quarrel, because we were tied to France in the dark."

In reality little new has transpired from all the official White Books, though much may yet transpire from the secret archives. What Lord Loreburn explains is simply this. We went to war by virtue of our secret engagement of honour with France, who, in turn, went to war by virtue of her secret alliance with Russia. Belgium was not the cause of our entry; it formed the public justification of our entry. The war was a bid for power as a result of the system of power upon which Europe was arranged. We joined in according to the game for reasons of power. In the opinion of the writer, we took the only step compatible with honour and *security*; in particular the latter reason.

The documentary evidence is quite sufficient for any jury to pass judgment on the origin and reasons of the war. Now, as diplomacy is the game of verbal casuistry and indirect action, documents are not calculated to furnish positive evidence, if, as a fact, the evidence that we possess to-day is not only straightforward but convincing. What we find is that Germany sought to localise war by attempting to buy off our neutrality (1) over Belgian neutrality, (2) over France's integrity, and, failing, realised for the first time, owing to her faulty diplomatic castings and poor judgment, that the war in which she had allowed Austria technically to engulf her would be a world-war and not, as she had anticipated, a localised European conflagration. The revelation maddened her and she plunged incontinently into

Belgium, hence into the initial atrocities. The German plan was upset *ab ovo*. President Wilson said in 1919: "We know for a certainty that if Germany had thought for a moment that Great Britain would go in with France and Russia, she would never have undertaken the enterprise." Without a doubt that is true. What is the lesson? It is that secret diplomacy was so furtive (1) that Germany entirely misjudged our attitude in the event of a war against France and Russia. (2) That Sir E. Grey considered our neutrality in such an event to be impossible, yet even when the crisis came our Ministers refrained from announcing the fact of our liability; could not even make up their minds whether to take up arms publicly for the cause of France or for the cause of Belgium. (3) That France herself was doubtful as to our attitude and painfully anxious up to the very last hour. (4) That by common consent to-day a plain, frank statement on July 31 of our determination to support France would have prevented war. (5) That this grave omission on the part of our Ministers led to the curious but incontrovertible fact that the diplomatists did actually come to an arrangement for avoiding war the day that the militarists in Germany and Russia brought about a condition of war by their respective mobilisations.

Lord Loreburn states the truth when he ascribes the fault of our Ministers to have lain in departing from the old policy "in secret," and in allowing our Entente with France to develop imperceptibly into the equivalent of an Alliance also in secret, *without* the needful security and advantages that an open Alliance brings with it. Thus when the crisis came, they were afraid to speak to the world unequivocally, and afraid to declare their policy to Parliament. On the Continent their uncertainty was misconstrued and gave the militarists their opportunity. In the end they forced the hand of the diplomatists by themselves taking military measures, the Russian secret mobilisation automatically causing German secret mobilisation, and so war.

War thus came about through the singular misjudgment of Berlin to understand the Liberal Government in this country and the temper of the British people. They thought at the most our Continental participation would take the form of limited liability, according to the tradition of Pitt, and that militarily the risk, however great, was

justified. And here they made another misjudgment—sea-power. They discounted our navy because they reckoned they could lie up without risking a naval battle, and they discounted the results of the Blockade because they reckoned they could overthrow France before the Russian mobilisation was complete. Again they misjudged. Russia was unexpectedly ready. The war on two fronts began with the first days of war. Never has a clearer case been proved that "war is the continuation of diplomacy." German military diplomacy lost the war before the war through crass misjudgment of peoples and policies. Now, considering what the German design was, we can say truthfully that Germany lost the war deservedly.

The question is, what now? Are we to resume the game of secret diplomacy? It looks perilously like it. Paris degenerated into secret covenants and Europe has been rebuilt on the secret treaties. There is no use in disguising the fact, for the result is all-round disillusion, hate, chaos, and revolution. The Treaty of Paris remaps Europe on a basis of military power in imitation of Napoleon's design of Tilsit. All sorts of alliances and treaties have subsequently been made, regardless of the Covenant, which again has all the appearances of the Tsar's Holy Alliance after Waterloo. In the opinion of trained journalists, Europe has been Balkanised, to quote Mr. Garvin, who is a declared imperialist. There is only too much evidence to show that this is so. A new euphemism has been found for diplomacy in the formula of the mandate, which is a cover for annexation; thus France's claim to Syria, our strategic, if otherwise benevolent, Protectorate over Persia. In spite of the Treaty, an enormous part of Europe is actually anarchic, drifting into the conditions of mediævalism with robber bands and no law but that of the fittest. A poet seizes Fiume, Roumania despoils Hungary. Greeks, Poles, Czecho-Slovaks,* Jugo-Slavs—all are disappointed at the spoils. We ourselves speak cheerily of the "fruits." In point of fact, Europe has been re-grouped and re-mapped on military lines on a strategic basis of balance of power, regardless of nationality. Thus the

* The Slovaks are to-day being treated by the Czechs exactly as Austria formerly treated the Czechs. We have merely created another Austrian mosaic.

Tyrol handed over to Italy, Bulgarian Western Thrace handed to Greece, etc., franked with what or how many secret treaties no man at present would venture to claim knowledge of. The secular hatreds of Europe remain unappeased. Europe has been decentralised and levelled down, sown with new crops of hatreds.. The state of Europe to-day, even as we claim the New Order, is, to put it mildly, certainly more chaotic than in 1914. Unless we can bring about adjustments and free diplomacy of secrecy, our sons will surely be involved in Armageddon the second—in all probability minus the assistance of America.

Now, as a writer on foreign affairs, a journalist who spent years on the Continent in close touch with Foreign Offices and the secret forces controlling diplomacy, I feel that the least we owe to our dead is honesty regarding the influences directing foreign affairs, not the least important of which is the Press. To us foreign correspondents, as we are called, the war came *inevitably*; inevitably, let it be repeated, as the result of the system on which Europe was grouped and armed—for war. Where Lord Loreburn examines documents, the present writer would examine influences. What were they in 1914? They were war influences. Our policy was based on the cardinal fact that Britain was the *de facto* balance of power of the Franco-Russian Alliance, and as such our journalistic influence was thrown in to thwart the diplomacy of the other grouping, as policy. Few knowledgable journalists were really surprised that war came—our fear was rather the other way; our game was the game, quite legitimate as a power problem. We knew that the armed camp of Europe could not continue much over 1915 without an explosion or a general *détente* of diplomatic direction. We knew that the Russian re-arming of the artillery in 1912 meant war—sooner or later; as a fact, Germany prepared for war from the day that illuminating news was known, the Kaiser immediately asking for a £50,000,000 emergency loan. He got it. War from that day became a question of technical responsibility.

We knew other things apparently unknown to our Government. We knew that a military mission had been in Belgium to study defensive operations in the event of attack

by Germany. We knew that Britain was morally bound to fight on the side of France, would fight on the side of France. We knew that German naval power was becoming a serious danger, that a German victory spelt disaster for us. We quite honestly regarded it as our duty and responsibility to work against Germany, all the more as we knew the Liberal Government to be supine in the matter of preparation. We expected war over the Balkans any time after January, 1913, because we knew that all Europe expected war almost any month from that date.

In France war was openly discussed all through 1914; in Russian Court circles it was regarded as a "probable" likelihood. In Germany the war spirit was unmistakable ever since the Kaiser's war loan. Those who know Austria will admit that little secret was made of the intention to "settle with" Serbia at the first opportunity.

War certainly caught us here unprepared—the public totally, apparently Sir E. Grey himself. We were the only nation in July, 1914, who remained serenely oblivious to the danger imminent: who actively can be exonerated from all complicity. Of that there is not a doubt. We were criminally *unprepared*, though our *policy* was *directly governed* by the war grouping of Europe and our implication in war was inevitable. And this, strange to say, in spite of the repeated war crises in Europe in which we also were retroactively concerned.

This is the side omitted by Lord Loreburn, but it is of vital importance. He does not state that in France in May, 1914, the general attitude was "let it come." He does not refer to the Kaiser's sudden mobilisation of the Berlin garrisons early in 1914; to the secret mobilisations of the Austrian armies, of which there were at least three in 1912–13. He does not mention the war crisis in the summer of 1911, so threatening that military measures were taken here and the equivalent to a "stand to" order was issued, involving the purchase of horses, etc. Yet this was so. The writer believes that we were actually more ready in the summer of 1911 than we were in 1914. The truth is that Europe was primed for war and expected war because the onerous conditions "necessary for peace" had become well nigh unendurable. When France accepted the three-years' service law, in place of two, we journalists, at any rate,

knew that war had become a two to one chance and consequently would inevitably result this year or that.

Morocco was the German testing ground—to test our attitude. War would have come over Aerenthal's Bosnian coup, but Aerenthal bungled that stroke, which really was to be a collusive *démarche* with Russia, by not acting in accordance with plan. It changed the Russian policy, which henceforth became strongly anti-German. The re-arming of the Russian artillery settled the matter for the Germans, whose war policy it was to "get in the first blow" so successfully illustrated by the Japanese at Port Arthur. The writer declares it as his deliberate opinion that the German War Party, who *controlled*, had made up their minds from January, 1913, to strike the moment the hour seemed propitious, and that such is the explanation of the "free hand" accorded to Austrian diplomacy in the Balkans, the German War Office pivoting their own policy entirely upon the war policy of Russia. Here again Berlin misjudged the situation, grossly overestimating the military power of her Ally, as Ludendorff has since bemoaned. Austria was consequently given full latitude in the Balkans, nor was Austria by any means so interdependent as is commonly imagined. The Germans thought Austria had a better army than she had, that is the truth; they gave her a free hand accordingly. There was no "single command." On the contrary, great military rivalry existed, and Austria, after the Bosnian coup, had become quite as vainglorious and bellicose as Germany. At the last moment, as we know, Austria climbed down, but then Germany was "in the saddle" with her eye riveted on Russian mobilisation. But for that mobilisation, July 28, unknown to the Tsar, there would probably have been no German mobilisation. But war would have come in 1915. Europe either had to fight or change her entire military policies.

A solemn public declaration from us in 1913 might have brought about a *détente*, especially if we had made big military preparations, but that was thwarted by secret diplomacy, which deprived our Ministers of public sanction. That is how war came—the uncertainty of the military forces competing. For that doubt gave the militarists in Europe their opening. The Germans were pressed: by the Army almost mutinously restless with long inactivity; by

public opinion growing commercially restless at the repeated alarums; by the rivalry between the Kaiser and his son, who was glorified as the fighting Hohenzollern. Preparation for war had made the Germans war-drunk. Their danger was a modernised military Russia. The moment they saw that Russia was modernising her Army, they decided to anticipate. Austria was equally militant. She was let loose, and blundered in her traditional way. This automatically made the Alliances operative. "Si vis bellum, para bellum." That is the long and short of it. Let us not forget in this connection the disagreeable truth that we financed the Tsar's Government in 1906 to crush the revolution for reasons curiously anti-democratic.

To be sincere—and we must be sincere unless we desire to have it all over again—how did the war come? The origins of the war go back to the fighting war-spot of France and Germany, to Alsace-Lorraine. France's alliance with Russia was, of course, a fighting pact, for humanly and democratically no greater *mésalliance* has been seen than that between Tsarist autocratic Russia and France, the founder of "liberty and fraternity." That alliance meant revenge one day or another and led to the Greater German militarism that eventually intoxicated Austria and drove into war. Each side naturally pleads a defensive alliance, etc., but that is casuistry. So long as Germany could keep Russia friendly, the peace of Europe was fairly assured. That was Bismarck's policy. But the moment Russia became unfriendly a latent condition of war automatically existed, which could only end in a clash. The famous secret treaty between Tsar and Kaiser of 1905, virtually annulled the military value of the Franco-Russian Alliance, and there is no doubt but that if Aehrenthal, with his imitation Bismarckian policy in Bosnia, had pushed on and forced war, Germany's chance would have materialised. But the Kaiser declined the fighting issue then and lost Russia. The Potsdam military set came into power, clearly realising that their opportunity had come and been lost in 1907–8, when Russia was weak, from which day German diplomacy became a fitful endeavour to "sell the pup" to anyone and everyone. When we financed the Tsar in 1906 our aim was certainly to preserve a militarist Russia, *i.e.*, the balance of power.

We journalists, who were often acquainted with the moves of foreign diplomacy long before ambassadors and Governments, we knew that the Russians are an essentially peaceful people and that a Russian Republic would certainly not take the form of a military alliance, also that war is the antidote to revolution. To-day France is aware that she has lost militarist Russia, so Europe has been rebuilt accordingly, we to play the Continental second in "shining armour." How many good people here in the least realise this liability! Yet it is so. What Paris made was a Franco-British military alliance in sovereign control of revolutionary, democratic, and proletarian Europe, supported by a line against Russia, itself composed of warring and non-economic units. The game of diplomacy is thus likely to be as furious as ever.

But is it? Is that to be all? Shall we return to the secret struggle of balance of power under new formulæ such as mandates and self-determination? It would seem so. No principle has dictated the new determination of boundaries. On the contrary, only power has prevailed, and so we have a Greater Italy, a Greater Greece, a Greater Poland, Serbia, and Roumania, or a new Greater Balkan mosaic at the expense of Germany and Russia—a condition which every Briton should be educated to realise can only be maintained at the point of the bayonet and will only so last as long as the controlling bayonet is there to operate, as D'Annunzio has perhaps usefully illustrated in his poetic contempt for the "Supreme Council" over Fiume

What D'Annunzio can do others can do or attempt; indeed, the writer is of opinion that new Europe will degenerate into a kind of military "Tom Tiddler's Ground," and even into utter lawlessness, unless the controlling Powers intervene promptly and resolutely. Now they cannot honestly intervene. If Europe, rebuilt on the Secret Treaties, is frankly annexationist, the little peoples also will be annexationist. They are. They want more "fruits." That is the position. Already the Supreme Council is ignored and ridiculed. There is no confidence in Europe. The game of secret diplomacy is again in full swing.

Inevitably so, because Paris *recreated power conditions*. When we talk of abolishing secret diplomacy, we think in a watertight compartment. Secret diplomacy is the natural

and irremovable condition of a policy of balance of power, because that balance, being determinable by adjustment policy, must consequently be active, that is to say, secret in all forms of its activities. As it has been in the past, was at Paris, is to-day. Presenting Parliament and public with a *fait accompli* is no remedy; it accentuates the power of secret diplomacy, the whole essence of which is movement or intrigue.

There is only one way to remove war: it is to remove the causes of war. At Paris they have not only accentuated these causes, they have multiplied them, if it is true to say that, for a few years at any rate, a great war is a physical impossibility. But we have sons. Our dead died for them. We who have come through owe to both the hope of life. If we have fought this war merely to re-establish the balance of power, merely to resume the pleasant pastime of secret diplomacy or preparation for the next war, far better we had not entered it, for out of it we shall have obtained nothing but unbearable military liabilities. That is the very deliberate opinion of a journalist who has played the game of secret diplomacy for many years, who can attest to the treachery, double-handedness, cynicism, and ineptitude of Chanceries and their servitors, and who now cries to the public to do away with the old shams and secrecy and to force the Press, which to-day is the oracle and conscience of democracy, to compliance.

Free Verse

By Ada Leverson

"My dear old thing, you're out of date. Now, look at this."

Aubrey handed George a typed manuscript.

"This is a gem—a perfect, flawless poem, by one of the new chaps. *Vers Libre*, you know. Pull yourself together."

George read:

"*INTENTION.*

I.

"*I think of going to Eastbourne,*
I must get some new clothes before I go
To Eastbourne.
I may get a green jumper,
Or some beads,
Or any old thing. . . .

II.

I know the Vicar slightly.
He may be nice to me and call on Sunday.
If he does I shall certainly
Say cheerio to the Blighter. . . ."

"But isn't that . . ."

"How can you laugh, you ass? Don't you feel the quality of it? You don't imagine rhyme is necessary for a poem? Or sentimental slosh?"

"Of course not. I've heard of blank verse all right. But isn't this . . ."

"Don't you see the stylistic radiance of the thing? How the fellow has left out all the unessential? . . ."

"Oh, you mean about who the Vicar is and why he's likely to call. Rather, yes. I see that."

"Oh, you're hopeless. You don't understand."

"It doesn't seem obscure exactly."

"No. It's simple. Naïve. That's its beauty. But you'll have to live with the thing a bit."

"Shall I?" said George.

Aubrey looked at it again lovingly.

"*Or some beads!*" he murmured. "Isn't that a perfect line? Don't you see the floridness of frigidity in it, George? DON'T YOU?"

George jumped.

"All right. Don't get excited, old bean. Give me some tea. It's the only real brain stimulant."

His host poured out some tea (keeping the spout of the teapot carefully pointing to the north) and then went on, in a kind, pitying voice:

"Don't you see, George, the standard's changed—I mean in literature—and the chaps who were being made much of when you were here last are back numbers now? They don't exist."

"People like Milton, and Compton Mackenzie?"

"Of course. Dead."

"Oh, really? Sorry. I hadn't heard."

"I don't mean literally. Other people, of course, are still alive. Henry, now . . ."

"Oh! Henry!"

"No, not O. Henry. Henry James."

"Well, what about it?"

"You're so slow. You put me off. I forget what I was going to say."

"What about those other fellows you told me about last time? Fellows who wanted to knock you into the middle of next week?"

"Futurists? *Passés.*"

"Now, look here. You've told me all about who's dead. Is there anyone alive?"

"Rather. Shoals and shoals. Not only new people. There's a man called Eliot. He's great. He counts."

"Ah, yes. George Eliot. . . . Hallo! Don't look like that. . . . Lie down and compose yourself. I told you I was behind the times. . . . Sorry. There. . . . Feeling better now?"

* * * * * * *

"I always come to you for the latest," George went on when his host seemed recovering.

"I say, Aubrey, do you believe in thought-reading? This morning I was a bit off colour—had the hump, in fact, when the 'phone suddenly rang up. I answered, and a girl's voice said in the kindest way, 'So sorry you're troubled,' and then rang off. Wasn't it queer? *How did she know?*"

"Um! Curious. Case of telephonic sympo-telepathy. But now, George, are you, or are you not capable of appreciating this poem?"

"Ah! the poem. Righto. I'll have another try."

George glanced through it again.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I think I do begin to see the beauty of it."

"Good man!"

. . . . . .

George went away, murmuring:

"*Or some beads . . . Or some beads.* But do I? Do I really see the point?"

On Cleverness and Other Things

By Edward Moore

CLEVERNESS is the coldest literary quality. Meredith is the cleverest novelist, Nietzsche, the cleverest philosopher: cleverest—that is, the least pre-occupied with the herd sentiment of "humanity." All writers who talk of "humanity" are on the verge of becoming dull. To write long, insufferably long, about "humanity"—is not that to be inhumane?

Stupidity in a writer is very often the result of the instinct for popularity. Popularity, cry the instincts, and the brain straightway responds with stupidity: a very clever response.

Popularity—the desire to be read widely, approved widely, taken to *everyone's* bosom: why not call it the herd instinct and be finished with it? A large circulation—you make yourself known to a larger number of the herd: that is all.

"A touch of nature makes the whole world kin": that is, stupidity. Heraclitus, Leonardo, and Nietzsche were not kin with the whole world. Why was it? Because they were too clever, too consistently, ubiquitously, and fundamentally clever. Also, perhaps, because they lacked that particular kind of cleverness called stupidity. Shakespeare possessed it; he was a chaos out of which bubbled the cleverness of the thinker, of the artist, of the charlatan, of the demagogue and of the mere actor.

In the philosopher the cleverness of the demagogue would be stupidity. The reverse is also true.

When cleverness is added to profundity, it is the highest distinction of the thinker. When it is present by itself alone, it is vulgar. He who is both profound and clever is likely to be the freest, and he who is merely clever, the most constricted of thinkers.

In all cleverness there is a little irreverence, yes, even in the cleverness of the orthodox. When a man is clever upon anything it means that he can take it up and set it down, that he can toss it in the air and catch it dexterously, that he can play tricks with it. But to revere is not to dare to touch at all: as soon as one can move a thing one ceases to reverence it.

Maxim: to distrust those who are witty about religion *and* support it.

The applause of the illiterate, to be without offence, must be blind.

"Individually I despise your judgment, but if collectively you refuse to give me your applause, I shall expire of disappointment." This is the creed of most artists.

To the artist applause is an entity existing by itself: he does not associate it at all with people who applaud! This permits him to find in it nothing but unmixed sweetness. If he were to track it back to the people who applaud—— As it is he can despise the public and worship applause in perfect sincerity.

In the Music Hall. Some artistes gain applause by the force of their art, others by their sheer importunity in demanding it. They appear to expect our approval so naïvely, so forcibly, that the situation simply compels us to respond congruously. And this happens with people we do not know, and whom we have paid to see!

The good writer likes to be praised only by men greater than himself.

Reputation? What people whom you consider it not worth your while to think of, think of you. Reputation is the creation of those who have none.

There are two kinds of writers: those who, when they hear that a dunce has read them, are sad; those who, in the same circumstances, are elated. The former take their work seriously; the latter, their reputation.

"Speech is silvern, Silence is golden." Whoever has sincerely attempted expression knows this. In the end we can do nothing more than turn the gold of our thoughts into the silver of utterance.

How to be interesting. A writer should be so interested in what he is saying that he interests his readers as well. But when he tries self-consciously to be interesting, danger is in sight. With a little encouragement he will be concocting paradoxes.

The Background. If the cleverness which is not seen in a work of art is not greater than the cleverness seen, the work is not clever enough.

How stupid cleverness can be is exemplified in Meredith's later style. Like a talker who says good things more often than he is expected, he tried to be witty in every sentence and eventually attempted to write entirely in quips. His style became one of the worst. Not to be too clever—how much cleverness is there in that! Peacock, for instance, was so clever as not to be a novelist at all.

"For my part, I have no great opinion of La Rochefoucauld. I find it easy to turn out maxims." "And I? I could write epics just as easily as Homer. The real question, you see, is whether your maxims will be as good as La Rochefoucauld's, or my epic as good as Homer's."

It is as absurd to blame a writer for writing aphorisms instead of treatises as it would be to blame him for writing lyrics instead of epics. Both the aphorism and the lyric are forms of art, and not easy ones.

Perils of Criticism. It is more difficult to judge an aphorism than an epic.

To represent the flesh because it is the flesh, passion because it is passion, sin because it is sin, and everything else because it is everything else, is the method of modern art. Classical art represented these things only when they were beautiful: that was its distinction.

Nothing alienates a thinker from men so much as sincere cleverness. Verbal cleverness they can tolerate; it is even popular; but cleverness in earnest, deadly intellectual cleverness, cleverness seriously on the track of Life, Immortality, Destiny, God—that is in thought the most aristocratic thing; nothing is more exclusive, more superior. To the mediocre it has an air of ultimate superciliousness.

An aphorism is like a joke—you see it at once or you never see it. If it has to be explained, it has failed.

Capital Levy and Super-Levy

By A. Emil Davies, L.C.C.

"The House will pardon me for saying that if this House ever desires a general Capital Levy they cannot and they will not expect me to carry it out."—Mr. Austen Chamberlain, House of Commons, October 29th, 1919.

His Majesty's Government desire to express their grateful acknowledgment of the receipt by the Chancellor of the Exchequer of £150,000 of Four Per Cent. Funding Loan from "F. S. T.," for cancellation in accordance with the intention expressed by him in a letter published in *The Times* of June 24th.

"F. S. T.'s" letter to *The Times* gave at some length his reasons for making the gift now acknowledged. After comparing the crisis of August, 1914, in which the nation "was saved by the free-will offerings of her people," with the crisis of financial exhaustion following the war, the writer of the letter said that, by a natural reaction, "all classes are in danger of being submerged by a wave of extravagance and materialism. It is so easy to live on borrowed money; so difficult to realise that you are doing so."

"How can the nation," the letter continued, "be made to understand the gravity of the financial situation; that love of country is better than love of money?

"This can only be done by example, and the wealthy classes have to-day an opportunity of service which can never recur. They know the danger of the present debt; they know the practical difficulties of a universal statutory capital levy. Let them impose upon themselves, each as he is able, a voluntary levy. It should be possible to pay to the Exchequer within twelve months such a sum as would save the taxpayer 50 millions a year."—*The Times*, November 13th, 1919.

Putting all hypocrisy and special pleading aside, it is absolutely necessary that a special taxation be laid upon the rich."—*The Statist*, November 8th, 1919.

THE most revolutionary things are possible in this country if only one finds the right formula for them. We have, for instance, been living under a Soviet system of government for the last two or three years, and it requires merely the finding of the right word to bring about the almost unanimous adoption of Socialism, just as a reactionary junta has managed to govern London for several years by calling itself the party of Municipal Reform. After some three years of violent opposition to the idea of a levy upon capital, it now appears that it might quite easily come in under the name of a levy upon war profits.

It is true that some advanced thinkers oppose a levy on war profits for the reasons that (1) it would not produce sufficient to rehabilitate our national finances; (2) it would be extremely difficult to determine what capital appreciation was due to the war; and (3) it would divert attention from the necessity of a general levy upon capital.

If the first argument is that a levy on accumulated war profits would not produce sufficient to extinguish the war debt, it is correct; but, properly worked, such a levy would produce a very large sum. The second point, namely, that it would be extremely difficult to determine what capital appreciation was due to the war, could be summarily settled by laying down the principle that all capital increase since the end of 1913, less a certain percentage to allow for the depreciation in the value of money, was due to the war. I have in mind the cases of two men known to me, each having at the end of 1914 an invested capital of a little below £50,000. The first one, being guided by his banker and pinning his faith to gilt-edged investments, finds his capital now reduced to about £30,000. A levy on him of, say, 20 per cent. would produce towards extinction of the National Debt the sum of £6,000, and would leave him the possessor of a fortune of £24,000.

In the second case, that of a more astute or better advised man, many of the Government and municipal investments held were sold at a loss soon after the outbreak of war, and the proceeds reinvested gradually in shipping, brewery, and industrial shares, with the result that the owner finds himself now in possession of a fortune of something like £120,000.* Suppose that, with a graduated capital levy, the percentage that case No. 2 had to part with was double that of the first, viz., 40 per cent. The State would receive £48,000, which seems very burdensome indeed compared with the £6,000 payable by his co-investor, but it would leave No. 2 with a fortune of £72,000, as against the other's £24,000. Yet the outbreak of war found both possessed of the same amount, and neither was an Army contractor. "Then you wish to tax one man more than another because he happens to be cleverer or have better judgment," I shall be told; the reply is, "Certainly, such better judgment being based

* These are actual cases.

upon belief that the war, and Government action taken in connection therewith, would benefit certain industries in which it became expedient to participate as a sleeping partner." I know of a blouse manufacturer who, before the war, had a net income of a few hundred pounds, but last year made over £9,000. This man also had no Government work, but the entrance of millions of women into industry led to such an increased demand for his product that he is now the possessor of two very fine motor-cars. Another case known to me is that of a man who, early in 1915, borrowed two or three thousand pounds, started a small shipping company, and, owing to a series of losses by enemy submarine action, in the course of which several sailors lost their lives, told me in the autumn of 1917 that he had become worth over half a million. We live in a world which is necessarily poorer by the huge destruction of human life and wealth that has taken place on a hitherto unexampled scale, and yet three of the four men instanced find themselves enriched, relatively and absolutely, in varying degrees. If this fact is not due to the war, what is the explanation?

This brings me to the third objection, namely, that the imposition of a special levy on accumulated war profits, although ethically sound, is likely to act as a red herring by diverting public attention from the need of a general capital levy. This overlooks the important fact that it is precisely these accumulated war profits which have struck the imagination of the public, have made it indignant and determined that the real profiteers—the big people, and not the little local greengrocer—shall be compelled to disgorge part of their extravagant gains.

Perhaps I may here be permitted to remark that it is folly to abuse people for making large profits. There are very few (if any) readers of this article who, if they were directors of a public company, would not endeavour to make as large profits as they could for their shareholders. It is only when one comes face to face with extreme individual greed that one feels entitled to attach personal blame. It is the system which permits—nay, not merely permits but inculcates as a duty to others—the making of the biggest possible profits that is responsible for half the evils from which society is suffering; and a capital levy

and a war profits super-levy will be merely a belated and inadequate measure to redress the economic evils of the present system, which have been accentuated and underlined by the war. Even after such capital levies the railwayman's hard-working wife, struggling to keep her children decent on the munificent wage of 53*s.* per week (the continuance of which has been secured by her "Bolshevist" husband for at least another year), will probably have to pay 5½*d.* for a reel of thread instead of 7½*d.* as at present (as against 2½*d.* before the war), and the next member of the Coats family who dies may leave a fortune of only two and a-half millions sterling instead of the £4,324,204 left not long ago by Lord Glentanar.

I venture to prophesy that the agitation against war fortunes, which is at the root of the profound discontent operating in the minds of the industrial population of the country, will result sooner or later in a special levy upon accumulated war fortunes and in a general levy upon capital over a certain amount per head, for the purpose of bringing about a drastic reduction of the National Debt; and that, provided they are combined with a just reform of the income tax, these measures will be as much in favour of the trade, commerce, and industry of the country as of the general community, although the very rich, whose principal *rôle* is that of consumers rather than producers, will inevitably find their spending power very seriously curtailed, much to their bodily and moral benefit.

What is suggested is that, just as we have an ordinary income tax on a graduated scale with a differential rate upon unearned income, there shall be a general levy upon capital, with an additional levy (super-levy) upon a certain proportion of capital increment that has occurred since the end of 1913.

Let us take the general levy first. Each member of the community liable to income tax, *i..e*, each person in receipt of an annual income in excess of £130,* should be called upon to render a return of the capital value of his assets, less liabilities, such as mortgages, etc., as at a certain date. A datum line can be fixed and the capital levy be payable only on a sum in excess thereof. This datum line might be fixed at, say, £2,000, plus £500 for each depen-

* This limit will, no doubt, shortly be raised.

dant (the income tax regulations to be modified, it is to be hoped, as a result of the Commission, by the inclusion of all genuine dependants), but where any such allowance is claimed for a dependant, his or her capital would also have to be included in the calculation—in other words, the family capital would be taken as a unit. In the case of a man having to support a wife, a mother, and four children, *i.e.*, a family of seven persons, the first £5,000 of the aggregate capital would then not be subject to levy. Furniture and household effects, to a value not exceeding a fixed proportion of the capital, say, 10 per cent., might also be exempt.

A graduated scale might be adopted, say, 10 per cent. of the first £5,000 upon which the levy is payable, 12½ per cent. on the next £5,000, 15 per cent. upon the next £5,000, and so on in steps of 2½ per cent. for every £5,000 right up to 100 per cent., which would mean that all capital held by any person in excess of £185,000 would fall to the State. The excellent principle adopted for income tax to avoid cases of hardship where an income is only a little over the margin taking it into a higher scale, of allowing the payment of such margin instead of the higher scale, might be adopted.

The chief difficulty that arises is in connection with corporate bodies. Purely community-owned undertakings, such as national dockyards, municipal undertakings, public boards and trusts in which no shares or profit-participating securities (as opposed to loans or debentures) exist, and any funds of endowments or organisations the revenue from which is wholly devoted to philanthropic, charitable, and educational purposes, would be exempt. Corporate bodies to which this did not apply, such as City Guilds or Livery Companies, an industrial insurance office, a co-operative society, trade unions and private partnerships, would have to be assessed by the Inland Revenue authorities, with the right of appeal to a specially constituted tribunal, the basis of assessment being that portion of the assets income on which is, under the existing regulations, already liable to income tax. Thus, if either the Primrose League or the Labour Party derives income from investments it is liable to income tax thereon, and those of its assets, revenue from which is, or would be thus liable, would be subject to the levy.

In the case of joint-stock companies the datum line, *i.e.*, the point at which the levy becomes payable, must be on a totally different basis from that adopted for individuals, and here we cannot do better than follow the German proposals, which reckon as liable to levy the whole of the assets after deduction of the original capital and indebtedness (in the case of insurance companies the sum necessary to meet engagements entered into is, of course, also deducted). It is fair that the capital of a company should be deducted, because the market value of the greater portion of the shares, *i.e.*, those held by persons who are subject to the levy, will have been reckoned as assets of the individual holders, who will have to pay the levy in respect of them at rates varying according to the size of their fortunes. On the other hand, to meet conditions in this country where, during the past few years, hundreds of companies have capitalised reserves by distributing them in the form of bonus shares, it will be necessary to limit the exempted capital to the amount of cash or its equivalent that has actually been put into the company in exchange for such securities during, say, the past five years. Failing this, the big magnates in every industry will have been successful in putting into reserves, etc.—cold storage, as it were—until such time as it was safe to divide them up, vast sums which, if paid out as dividends when earned, would swell individual fortunes liable to a capital levy. If, as I understand will most probably be the case, the excess profits duty is going to be replaced by a tax on profits over a certain percentage of the capital, the question of determining what is the true capital of a joint-stock company becomes of supreme importance to the State; and this circumstance explains the present feverish activity in the domain of finance and industry to increase the issued capital of companies by the giving of bonus shares, or by the issue of fresh shares at a price considerably below their market value, or by the sale of one undertaking to another at a surprisingly high price.

The capital levy upon companies cannot well be done on a graduated scale, as in the case of individuals, and it would appear desirable to levy a flat-rate of, say, 10 or 20 per cent. upon the surplus assets arrived at as described above.

This basis should be applied to all corporate bodies in respect of that portion of their assets which becomes subject to levy.

In many cases this will involve a revaluation of assets, but this does not present such insuperable difficulties as interested parties like to make out. It is done right enough in the numerous cases of amalgamations and absorptions that are taking place; in London the new quinquennial valuations for rating purposes fall to be made this year; and where a fresh definite valuation is not practicable, a provisional valuation, subject to subsequent modification, can be arrived at.

Let it be frankly admitted that all sorts of difficulties of detail will arise, just as in the case of the excess profits duty, which, as a matter of fact, has been extremely unjust in its application. Here, however, boards of referees have been appointed, and if recourse were not to be had to drastic means of redressing the national finances on account of possibilities of evasion and difficulties of assessment, we should never have had the income tax or death duties, and still less the excess profits duty. What is needed with all these matters is the *will* to carry through some fair system of apportioning the burden of the war among the different sections of the community. Given this will, it would easily be possible, by the institution of severe penalties, to increase the risk of evasion; and by the creation of tribunals, consisting of both experts and representatives of the community, to alleviate cases of hardship.

While on the point of evasion, it should be borne in mind that the returns rendered could be checked in part by previous income tax returns, for, although earned income may vary somewhat (and this could be largely determined by the returns that have to be rendered by each employer), the unearned income inserted in each return does present a measure of the amount of invested capital year by year that is productive of income.

These latter returns will be most useful in connection with a super-levy upon accretion of capital since the outbreak of war. The little fish will cause more trouble than they are worth, so the datum line for this super-levy might be placed at a higher figure, say, persons in possession of

£10,000 or over. All such persons might be called upon to file returns showing (1) the detailed estimated value of their assets at the close of their last financial year of account prior to July 1st, 1914; and (2) the detailed estimated value of their assets at, say, December 31st, 1919, before deducting the ordinary capital levy. Fifty per cent. of the increment since 1914 might be exempt from the super-levy so as to make some allowance for the decreased purchasing power of money and the general increase in wealth that might have been assumed if there had been no war, and the remainder taken *en bloc* by the State for extinction of debt. Corporate bodies to be dealt with in the same way as for the ordinary capital levy.

But how can people, or even companies, possibly pay these large sums? it will be asked. They need not be paid in one sum, but in ten or even twenty annual instalments. To encourage those who can pay in full or can anticipate some of their instalments, discounts at the rate of 5 or 6 per cent. per annum might be granted on all such advance payments. As "money saved is money earned" this would be tantamount to providing an absolutely safe investment at 6 per cent. available at any time for practically any sum. As an encouragement to those who patriotically subscribed to war loans and have consequently lost money, as compared with those who have made stupendous profits by investing in brewery, shipping, banking, insurance, and most industrial shares, the 5 per cent. war loan might be accepted in payment of the levy at its par value, and the other war loans at corresponding rates. This will do more to keep up the price of war loans, and at the same time bring them in for extinction, than any other measure that can be devised.

Payment of the whole or any instalment of the levy may be made in kind, on the owner's valuation, if both are accepted by the authorities, and the latter should have the option of insisting upon payment in kind of any assets at the valuation placed upon them by the owner *in his return*, plus 10 per cent., the owner having the right to appeal to a tribunal if he can show that any unjustified hardship would fall upon him by this action. This provision would automatically ensure a fairly high degree of accuracy in the valuation citizens placed upon their assets in the returns

they had to make. Critics will, no doubt, draw amusing pictures of a farmer bringing to the Inland Revenue Offices a few head of cattle in payment of his levy, but, as farmers know well enough, our banking system is sufficiently developed to permit of a man pledging his assets, and if the present banking system cannot be made use of for that purpose, the State could itself make the necessary arrangements. In approved cases, companies could have the option of paying their instalments in debentures, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent. There are people who try to prove that a capital levy is impossible, because, while income is a fact, capital (wealth would perhaps be a better word, but it is now too late to force it on the public) is a hypothesis. If this is true, the seven thousand millions of war loan, which is held by persons who certainly regard it as part of their capital or wealth, is also a hypothesis, and if we can reduce that hypothesis by fifty per cent. and its consequent burden upon the community, we will not quarrel about words.

The result of two capital levies of this sort will be to bring to the State immediately a large amount of treasury notes, which should straightway be burnt under the necessary supervision, thus reducing our redundant paper currency; it will also bring to the State a vast amount of war loan, which could be similarly cancelled. It will also make the nation the owner of an enormous amount of stocks and shares, which will be taken at their market valuation* and can either be sold, the proceeds being utilised to purchase for extinction or pay off war loan, or, where thought advisable, may be retained, the dividends and interest received thereon going to meet the interest on the still outstanding National Debt; a certain amount of land will also probably be offered to the State in payment of the levy, and if the Government does not know how to make adequate use of this land for housing, small holdings for soldiers, etc., they had better make way for others who do.

Some general objections may be noted. It is said that to cut down the capital of the country would be to endanger its industry; but the capital will not diminish the real capital

* How easily this can be done is shown by the requisitioning of American, Canadian, and other foreign securities performed by the Dollar Security Committee on behalf of the Treasury.

of the country a fraction; it will merely transfer the ownership of part of the title deeds. It is also said that a levy on capital is a tax upon thrift, those who have squandered their wealth going scot-free, whilst those who saved are mulcted of a portion of their savings. In a sense this is true; you cannot take from a man that which he does not possess, and the man who works hard and earns a large amount has to pay more income tax than a loafer who sponges on his friends; but the thriftless get their punishment in the anxiety and hardships which sooner or later accompany the absence of savings. Anyone who thinks the thriftless unduly favoured can quickly join their ranks by disposing of his wealth, be it to charity or less deserving purposes. After all, what is the alternative to a capital levy? It is that the whole community shall be burdened for generations with a crushing load of taxation; in order to save the pockets of those of us who stayed at home during the war and either retained or increased our wealth (otherwise we shall not suffer much from the capital levy), the millions of soldiers and sailors who fought to protect us and our property will, with their children, have to work harder in order to pay the interest on the debt. They risked their lives for a few shillings a week; we, at most, lent, at five per cent. and over, part of the wealth they fought to protect! It is also extremely important that debt should be cancelled while money has a low purchasing power of, say, ten shillings to the pound, than wait to have it paid off when the pound buys say, fifteen shillings' worth of commodities; in the latter case the burden upon production will be fifty per cent. greater.

There is an alternative method of dealing with limited liability companies, in the hands of which so large a proportion of the national wealth and means of production is concentrated.

This would be for each such company to increase its ordinary share capital by, say, 25 per cent., the newly-created shares to be held by the State. This would result in the State holding one-fifth of the ordinary share capital of every limited company, the capital being "watered" to that extent for this particular purpose. The shares issued to the State would be non-transferable, but would rank equally in all other respects with the existing shares.

Every new company created and every additional issue of ordinary shares would have to make provision for one-fifth being issued to the State without payment. To prevent evasion by means of issues of preference shares carrying an unduly high rate of dividend or participating further in the profits, a rate of interest bearing a fixed relationship to the bank rate might be fixed, distributions beyond which would carry with them an obligation of paying to the State a sum equal to one-fifth of the surplus distributed. This would be a rough-and-ready, but comparatively simple, method of securing to the nation the status of sleeping partner in a large proportion of the business undertakings of the country, which might on this account be exempted from both the capital levy and the super-levy—a compounding of these duties, as it were.

This alternative method has much to be said for it on the score of simplicity; and the fact that the State would thereby secure considerable voting power and a voice in the management will render it attractive to some people and repellent to others.

Some of my financial and business friends will be aghast at the drastic nature of the proposals here outlined; but do they realise the position of the country? If nothing of this nature is done, I prophesy so serious a financial breakdown that the present governing class will give up their job in despair, leaving it to a Labour, or possibly a revolutionary Government to tackle a situation that may well be almost irremediable. The recent Labour disturbances are merely the first of a series of struggles whereby the rich on the one hand and the mass of the workers on the other are endeavouring to place the burden of the war upon each other. Thus far it is a drawn battle, the great industrial and financial concerns continuing to enjoy huge profits, dividends, and distribution of bonus shares, the propertied class securing big prices for its land, and the workers obtaining shorter hours and higher wages. All this is masked by the huge inflation in currency and credit that is taking place, and the consequent rise in prices, but meanwhile the State is drifting to bankruptcy. Of course, we need increased production, but how are you going to get it while the millions of workers utterly distrust the people who control the finance and industry of the

country, and the latter regard the workers as though they were alien enemies? "Like the war with Germany it must be fought to the finish," wrote *The Times* a few weeks ago of the half-million railway workers who went on strike. If there is no capital levy and no super-levy on accumulated war profits, we shall have a *rentier* class living on its interest—such as shipowners who, out of the insurances on their sunken vessels invested in war loan, will derive a much larger income than they did on the running of their vessels; we shall have the mass of the population, so burdened with the high cost of living (wait until the bread and other bounties are removed and railway freights raised), goaded to such a pitch of desperation that industry and trade will be in a state of permanent dislocation, if we escape a revolution; and, on top of all this, trade and industry will be burdened with an income tax that will become insupportable to all except the very rich. A capital levy and a super-levy as here advocated will scale down considerably, if it will not wipe out, the National Debt, and will encourage everyone to do his utmost to increase his own, and incidentally the national, welfare; and, best of all it will convince the working classes that they are being dealt fairly with and that their sacrifices and labour throughout the war have not been directed to the enrichment, in a generally impoverished community, of one section of the nation. Those who face the facts are conferring a greater service to the trade and industry of the nation than those who run down every attempt to remedy the serious state of affairs which exists, both financially and politically, without suggesting any alternative remedy.

On paper, the wealth of the nation has increased from round about fourteen thousand millions in 1913 to about twenty thousand millions; *on paper!* Most of that paper, which confers a lien over a great part of the labour of the workers of the country, is held by a comparatively small section of the community. Until at least one-half of that paper is wiped out—deflated—we shall have neither industrial peace nor increased production.

Which God?

Or The World-Battle of the Jews

By Austin Harrison

It was long ago said that the Jews are an unassociable race; to-day we must at least admit that they are socialising society.

None the less, the Jews are still an unassociable race. They form isolations in communities. They are physically clannish. In countries such as Poland, where civilisation is low, they dwell apart, almost morbidly distinctive, sectarian, impermeable and unmalleable. Inter-marriage is a rite. Custom and traditions are sacrosanct. They are still Biblical in the tenacity of racial jealousies. Their badge is thus their bondage. They remain a pure race or tribe. Their family life and attachment are unique. No women are so well cared for, and a Jewish prostitute is almost unknown. Yet they are "accursed," and generally exposed to persecution.

The true reason for their persecution may have been religious in origin, but it cannot be admitted to be the containing reason through the centuries. The Jew is foreign to the Christian not really because Judas betrayed Christ Jesus, whereas Christians are eclectic in the matter of their gods, shrines, and devotional affirmations, but because the Jew's genius is the money-bag, which he understands better how to fill and to keep than the multi-ideaistic Christian. The Jew, then, is a mono-ideaist, which is at once his strength and his disability. He takes naturally to coin. He understands its function instinctively. He acquires wealth *reverentially*. The economic mechanism of civilisation is his logic and his prerogative.

And this particularity was recognised centuries ago. When King John wanted money, he extracted a Jew's tooth. There was no question of religious persecution in that

procedure. The King knew that the Jews had money, that is all; and thus when his Majesty was hard up his mint was a Jew's molar. And so it has been to this day. The keener pertinacity or single understanding of the Jew in the matter of buying and selling and lending gave him a specific reputation which the Christian resented. The Jew thus acquired an ugly name. He was the rich man, the helot of wealth. Had Christians been able to acquire money as easily as the Jew, his persecution almost inevitably would have died out with the *auto-da-fé*, but the Christian lacked that faculty. Moreover, wealth in the days before the capitalist era was not socially distributable. The nobility had wealth because they possessed the land and the people were their villeins. The Jews, being neither workers nor makers of things, were consequently thrown on usury. They became the bankers of society.

Men resented this tribal particularism because in those days Christians were knights, poets, or artist guildsmen. Capital was not God; thus Shakespeare, whose contempt for mere wealth is apparent in so many of his plays. In Tudor times love and war were the vocations of a gentleman—romance. The "page" never sighed for lucre. The "automatic results" of wealth belonged to the nobility from an automatic holding. Feudalism was not a money age. Cranmer, who, by the way, burnt a Catholic or two himself, went to the stake for the candle of Protestantism. Guy Fawkes tried to blow up Parliament to "blow the Scots back to Scotland again." Henry VIII. did not decapitate his wives to marry an heiress. Men fought the Turk because he was an "infidel," not for mines or oil, and the Inquisition worked for the Madonna. The truth is that Lazarus had a bad time in the days of sonnets and chivalry because he did not write sonnets and fight duels, he made money. He was ostracised because he was the Bank of England of his time. He became a pariah not because he was rich, but because money-making was looked upon as a low pursuit unworthy of a "gentleman's" honour. As force breeds force, so the Jew's pride became his wealth. He was spat upon accordingly. But when the capitalist era came, the Jew took to baptism as the Christian took to "security." To-day, the Jew is king. His money-bags are the world's difficulty.

I do not know if Cecil Rhodes had any Jewish blood in him, but his power, as he always boasted, was money, and the Boer war was the first avowed capitalist war waged publicly for the possession of wealth. It revolutionised, or rather capitalised, what is called "society," the passport to which ever since has been money. Park Lane took the place of Whitehall. The African money gamble spread into the Chinese money gamble. Imperialism ceased to be Cæsarism, it became the patriotism of raw material. As credit became more and more international, men thought that nationality would no longer be a fighting issue, because it would not pay. The Jew was emancipated. In Germany, Ballin was the Kaiser's right-hand man. At last, the Kaiser, struggling between the feudalism of his ancestry and the internationalism of his Court merchants, broke the spell in 1914 to the consternation of the entire banking world. Now, after five years of war, the issue to-day is capital. Can the national debts be borne? Finally, can the world's economic mechanism be upheld? If not, what? In this tremendously thrilling problem as it confronts civilisation to-day, the Jew, as the chief mechanic of the economic mechanism, inevitably plays, and will play, a determinative part. From the last he has become the first. The god, Capital, is the stake. A new war opens, the war between man and his mechanism. In this economic or social war, the *new Jew is the key revolutionary*.

If it is the Jewish capitalists who control Governments, who are thus the pillars of the new definition of patriotism, it is in the sharpest relief Jewish minds that founded and lead the attack on capitalism, thus in a positive sense defining and governing the two world forces as they range themselves under the respective banners of Labour and Capital. This is the new phenomenon. The Jews are themselves divided into opposing camps. They are the world possessors and the world dispossessors.

Thus we see to-day a giant fight developing between Christian and Jewish capitalism *versus* the masses staffed by the revolting Jews—the battle of money or profit-sharing amid a world of paradox. The Jews become Christians or idealists, the Christians become Jews or mono-ideaists; the Jew going to the stake for an impersonal cause, the Christian

demanding his bond or dividend. Trotzski as King John, Judge Gary as the *fine fleur* of capitalist chivalry. Bela Cohen as the Walt Whitman of politics—Mr. Lloyd George as the saviour of Jerusalem. Rosa Luxemburg torn limb from limb in the streets for liberty—Mendelssohn defended in his bank by the ex-Kaiser's Potsdam *garde-du-corps*. The Talmud—Christianity nowhere. Only money speaking. Only those who have mattering and those who have nothing. No war of rosettes. A war of money-bags. The persecuted become the persecutors. Plutus *versus* Man—man in his inarticulate, gregarious collectivity commanded by the chosen tribe.

Here pogroms of Jews—because they are Jews—in the now Franco-imperialist Poland; there holocausts of Jews—because they won't be Jews—by the Cossacks of Governments, in the interests of international Jewish finance. Here, the Jews are out for the teeth of their co-religionists; there, the apostles of Paris starve the little children of all countries where the communist Jews "suffer" them. The foundations of belief are capital. All soldiers, though not consciously, take the oath to it, from Noske's guards to President Wilson's band of defence. We organise famine because the dissenting Jew nationalises the land. It is chaos, the battle of "base metal." Life no longer counts. Only the mechanism matters, for or against it. You are sized up accordingly. "Are you for the possessive Jew or the dispossessive Jew?"—that is, for Lenin or the "black" Tsar? No other question counts. If for the communist Jew, you are a blackguard; if for Sir Augustus, you are a patriot. Such is our Christianity as we emerge from the world-war of "liberation." And so the world's interest for Christmas this year is the capitalist question whether Petrograd will be in the hands of finance or still in the hands of—the other God.

The meditative Christian (I use the word purely differentially), torn between the stories about Jews who "nationalise" women and Jews who would denationalise Europe, must fain view this world commotion with doubt and trepidation. Hitherto he has regarded the Jew as a merchant, to be disregarded physically—no Jew, for instance, before the war could obtain a commission in the German Army; nor can he forget Dreyfus. Money was

reputed to be the Jew's sole argument. In all things he had his price. Clearly this estimate needs revision.

The truth is, legend has become legendary. Disraeli was our first revelation. The new thing is the impersonal Jew.

It is worth while understanding this intellectual force that has come into the modern world as the new religion, for such a flame it is. Karl Marx fixes the date, the founder of Social Democracy. Around him was the author of the first communist manifesto, Engels. His executant was Lassalle in Germany, and these three Jews established the great proletarian movement on the Continent which before the war had completely taken the place of Liberalism and to-day lives in the structure and spirit of Lenin's communal or experimentally communal state.

Nearly all the leading spirits in Socialism have been, and are, Jews. Thus Kautsky, Singer, Hoffmann, Liebknecht, Bernstein, Adler, and Haase, the man recently murdered. In countries where the Jews do not flourish, thus in all deeply Catholic countries, Socialism correspondingly languishes; in Spain it is only to-day beginning, in Catholic Germany it could only make slight headway, in Tsarist Russia it was confined underground.

Socialism, then, is not only the concept of Jewish minds, its foremost theoreticians and executants are also Jews; and where there are few Jews, there Socialism is dormant, and where there is most persecution there Socialism, as in Russia, assumes its typical subversive character. We can test this in England. No persecution, no Jewish revolutionaries, and so, in Labour, no Jewish direction.*

The astonishing thing about this Jewish intellectual activity is its minority superiority, for all the Jews in Europe would not adequately people Spain, yet undoubtedly they are the moving spirits of our time—for good or for evil. As we issue from the war, this Jewish vitality, this new intellectual challenge of social life and economics, is without any doubt the central problem of Europe, and the League of Nations will fail or succeed accordingly. For here again

* This absence of Jewish interest in Labour here is extremely typical, and largely explains the weakness of that Party politically. Bismarck made Jewish Socialism in Germany. Here, in free conditions, the Jew finds Hampstead more natural than Marx.

the problem is economic. On the one side a League of capitalist control, on the other an international religion (*religio,* or binding) of Peoples on communist, as opposed to the possessive or group antagonistic, lines of plutocracy. The Jews are in it at both ends; they are its fighting polarity; the question is which group ultimately will prevail.

In considering the matter one cannot help recalling that the Jewish mind, with all its brilliancy and perception, is largely iconoclastic*; it is so in art, in criticism, in general outlook, for though the Jews are *par excellence* executants, thus on the stage, as performers, in the truly creative sphere they have never reached to the full heights. Even Heine was iconoclastic, destructively critical, inordinately bitter. Wedekind's plays are typical of this corrosive Jewish iconoclasm, and this stiletto peculiarity is even more typically illustrated in Weininger's vitriolic analysis of women. Then there was the Jew who wrote a book to prove that all genius was madness, and Naumann, who invented "Central Europe." Viennese journalism is typically Jewish in its disintegrating fierceness, and so we find on the Continent most dramatic critics are Jews, but again the Jews excel in medicine, in law and science.

Perhaps by reason of age-long persecution, the Jews are activists. They dwell in movement; are collectively superior mentally to the collective Christian, if individually they cannot compete with the pure springs of non-Jewish genius, and Shakespeare unquestionably showed his supreme knowledge when in the scene of the trial he introduced Shylock whetting his knife, contrary to all general opinion about the Jew, commonly regarded as venal.

And this must be said to their immediate credit, venality is not the modern Jew's characteristic. On the contrary, what we find to-day is integrity, the martyr's sense of sacrifice, this *new*, *intellectual*, *impersonal fact* that the new Jew scorns money for a social ideal; he it is who *plays* Antonio on the market-place, whose "qualities of mercy are not strained"; who verily is challenging civilisation with the renewal of faith in humanity; who in his Calvary for a class to which he neither belongs manually as a worker

* The fiercest anti-Semites are generally baptised Jews or men with Jewish blood. Their art-form is criticism, in which they excel.

nor mentally as an equal seems to cry out to capitalist society—*Resurgam.**

And this is evident; it is a disconcertingly strange transposition of spiritual values in the modern world, one that we Christians cannot shut our eyes to.

It is no longer Christians who are lighting a candle; the effort, the imagination, the sacrifice, the initiative lie with the Jews, even as the resource and resourcefulness of the other side lie with the possessive Jews. We, the Christians, the teachers and preachers, stand in between, following or blindly opposing, unable apparently to fix the compass of our thoughts, unable to lead or even to obtain any more intelligent view than that of gassing Bolshevism or imitative and repetitive revolt. For that is the position, though it may not be obvious and doubtless will not be accepted. Our Christian policy to-day —what is it? It is at all costs to save capitalism, as if the economic mechanism of our time, which is quite a recent growth and historically is probably no more permanent than any mechanism of any other age, was the supreme function of man and his sole polity. And so reason has abdicated. We think only in guns and gas, while the dissenting Jew carries a cross even as he did with the Romans.

This is the aspect I would emphasise. For, whether the Jew is right or wrong, at least the impersonal nature of his deliberately self-imposed task must be conceded; should, therefore, be intelligently appraised. With his brains, Marx no doubt could have died worth £40,000. I am sure Trotzski could have perpetrated a "corner" in Wall Street, and Bela Cohen have accounted for an "automatic result," which to-day is the aim and object of finance, as easily as his possessive brother in Throgmorton Avenue. Yet these men refuse the badge of their tribe. They are no longer Jews, as the world insists upon designating Jews. They are idealists, as ready to die for what they conceive to be the cause of humanity as were the martyrs who were burned at Smithfield. To blot out this fact is moral cowardice and worse, it is intellectual dishonesty. We cannot salve our conscience with the taunt of

* In this article I am not concerned with physical application, atrocities, etc., which are the inevitable associates of all war and revolution. I deal purely with the intellectual side of the Jewish war for and against the economic mechanism.

"traitors." Traitors to what? Hardly to humanity. To what then? A man cannot be a traitor simply because he desires to adjust the economic mechanism of our age, any more than Lord Fisher is a traitor for insisting that coal as our naval motive force is obsolete. More than denouncement is needed. Much more.

For these Jews understand, as we in our unimaginative Pharisaical complacency do not take the trouble to understand, the economic mechanism which is the fighting issue. They are no amateurs. Through history the Jews have shown an immense perception for reality. They do not lightly plunge into abstract thought, into gambles and adventures, for, as their nose seems to suggest, concentration is their genius and *result* is always their objective. Are we to assume that a portion of this tormented tribe have suddenly gone abstract-mad, *i.e.*, that Shylock was right? That they have lost their balance in a fit of aberration? That in their mental derangement they have become medical cases? The man who would answer that affirmatively offhand can only be a policeman. We have to consider this. First, they know exactly what they are talking about. Secondly, the motive and inducement are certainly not financial, in itself an arresting revelation. Thirdly, the gain can in no way be personal. They are acting from conviction, so much is clear. They are altruists in the widest sense, and loot is not the objective. Their reason thus is not a police question, though it may be a medical one. But, if the latter, then most certainly we ought to meet their idea with one which is equally as impersonal and humanly more scientific. Can we? We can erect faggots and burn, but that is no answer. We can gas and lacerate, but that is no solution. That was Attila's notion of civilisation. The problem remains—idea. It would seem to be the idea of the war.

What we find in sum is this. First, that what generically we call Socialism, or the theory of all labour movements, is inspired and directed by the Jewish intellect, so much so that were it not for the Jews it may legitimately be doubted whether the masses would possess any coherent economic doctrine at all, or with few exceptions find men of the *bourgeois* class sufficiently fervent, impersonally-minded, and fanatic to throw up all for an idea of abstract perfection.

Secondly, that this Jewish impersonal intellectualism breaks absolutely with the tradition and practice of their tribe Thirdly, that their line of attack is the mechanism that their own caste controls, that they themselves, therefore, instinctively understand, so that the economic war is thus technically an inter-Jewish struggle. And, lastly, this point, which is the real question for consideration, that this new or modern crusade—and it involves all the fanaticism of the noblemen who followed Peter the Hermit—is in its economic reality undeniably human or spiritual, in that the end is the good of the whole and that in no conceivable way can individual interest be inferred or imputed. As we stand to-day in a world stage of transition, flux, and re-valuation of social, political, and economic laws, this aspect of the problem should be our "constant," as the financiers say, for only so shall we now be able to understand and thus deal with it effectively and constructively. The great question we have to solve is whether this new economic movement is constructive or destructive? Not to be denied in either case is its invigorating quality of thought.

It comes to this. The world is faced with a new evangel, once more founded by the Jews, rooted upon the life on this earth rather than in the life hereafter. Its gospel is the culture and consciousness of man working upwards through the economic mechanism of the control into part, and ultimately into full co-partnership and co-ordination. Its approach is humanity, its object of attack the god, Capital. Its function is to level down so as collectively to leaven up. It is thus a social or sociocratic religion, a new projection in the economic evolution of mankind.

The war has brought us without any doubt to the point of reconsideration of economic laws, for in many countries the mechanism is actually broken, and credit has no longer a functional standard. So much is indisputable. Our economic conditions, therefore, are already obsolescent. As life is balance, so here, too, adjustment would seem inevitable, even humanly so, and this is even now recognised to be the case in the quick sense of America.* That we are

* See Vanderlip's book. Mr. Lloyd George at Paris also said that force could not remove idea. The question is: What is to be the new equation for industrialism—seeing that a return to low wages, which was the differential, is to-day almost unthinkable?

moving slowly, if reluctantly, towards a new economic order I, personally, cannot doubt, and quite probably our new economic equation will resolve itself into one of distribution rather than of displacement, as we find to-day tentatively projected in the sporadic schemes of self-governing industrialism starting here, in Europe, and in Russia. These are portents not to be denied. They are neither dogmatic nor political. They are the first attempts to adjust our mechanism to the new health and opportunity of civilisation as it emerges bleeding yet robustiously alert from the great war.

Envisaging Europe, we find this condition. Capital governed by the Jews making war on Russia for no other reason than that the Bolshevists have established the Socialist Jewish State, and actually starving and gassing a whole people like rats because Lenin prefers the mechanism of collectivism to the mechanism of international finance, which was the very thing "patriots" condemned so loudly as a German danger. Manifestly there is much that is wrong in a policy which proclaims patriotism to be money, and shoots and imprisons the Jew who despises money simply because he will no longer be a money-changer locked up at eventide in a Ghetto. It is a menacing and sorry picture. But its interest is real because economics are the world's controlling force, and in the growing discrepancies and disproportion of capital there is no longer a working equation for production. We have come to a reconsideration of the ethics of profits, and as this is an economic problem, so we find this new feature, that the wider the economic movement the less political it becomes in design and in the methods of achievement, and that whereas hitherto Parliament has been the battle-ground of reform, to-day and in ever-increasing scope the plane of innovation lies in industrialism itself, in the workshop rather than in the vote. We are moving thus towards practical economics and away from the old political economics. The movement is from within the mechanism, leaving the political control more and more like the ejected scoriæ or moraine of a glacier. That is to say, economics have once more become experimental.

And observe this evolutionary or revolutionary fact, that Germany is to-day actually governed by Jews, who alone

seem able to undertake the task of dealing politically with her staggering collapse and of assuming responsibility. That position they have acquired automatically as the result of the industrial mechanism of war, which, as here and elsewhere, threw the controllers of industry into sovereign power. Already, in 1917, they ran the country. It was they who accepted the armistice terms, their controlling balance, that is; and so it is to Frankfurt that Germans now look, as they formerly looked to Berlin. The whole German problem as created by the Treaty is economic: can they save the system or must they go through the travail of Russia? In Germany the capitalist Jews predominate; they hope to save the system. Here we see the two great countries of Germany and Russia both quite literally in the hands of the Jews in desperate internal and external conflict on the question of economic mechanism, and both faced with ruin and starvation because (1) if they go communist, capitalist civilisation will starve them, (2) if they maintain their mechanism, they must, by the terms of the Treaty, become the helots of the credit system which their tribal *confrères* control.* The internationalism of the Jew is evidenced. It is the basis of the control, it is the basis of communism; in either case the specific idea is internationalism. These two ideas are the world's vertical systems, yet the equation of both is horizontal. The one stands for common utility or controlled production, the other for private profit or unlimited production. The world's problem is simply this: Will either side win out? or will the struggle end in adjustment?

People think all this is politics; it is not, it is economics, nothing else than the ethics of private competitive profit. The great enemy of the Jews is Rome; thus in Ireland the Jews are non-existent, and to be noted is the controlling position of Erzberger in Germany to-day; Catholic Austria held up communism, Hungary did not. Accurately stated, it is the world struggle between the vertical and horizontal systems, the churches clinging to the vertical systems. The acuteness of the fight is due to the crisis in the controlling economic mechanism, without which it would merely be politics or *opinion*. The Israelite revolutionary,

* Thus M. Klotz, Finance Minister of France. Kerensky is a Jew. M. Maudel, the right-hand man of M. Clemenceau, is also a Jew; watch him.

of course, knows this, though the masses do not; his pressure is thus on the mechanism. This has nothing to do with Bolshevism. The credit system is imperilled, that is the truth, owing to the European mountains of unfundable debt. The issue is the exact value of paper money, which must, in the end, be determined not only by *production but absorption*, that is, not volume but *balance of trade*. Super-production is thus clearly nonsense, for the equation can only be found in balance. Similarly, a levy on capital can only be carried out through an adjustment of mechanism.

Now the Treaty, which is negational in its economic incidence, will compel an answer, because economically it is unworkable. Every Jew in Europe knows that. We must, therefore, soon come to a point. Germany cannot pay, or even live, because she can no longer produce; she must go communist or perish. If stupidity then is carried far enough, the Jews may coalesce, and by an adjustment of mechanism liberate the strangle-hold on mankind, but the power to do that is political, and this the Jews do not control. This economic breakdown is Europe's problem, and only one or other of the two conflicting Jewish ideas can solve it. That is, it can only be solved by world credit granted on the security of production, or through communism, which will imply an adjustment of mechanism. If the former, then the world's economics must be international; they cannot in the existing collapse of credit be at once military and economic, as Christian politicians have ignorantly attempted to make them. In other words, absolute disaster can only be averted by *internationalism*, on one or the other of the Jewish controlled lines. In either case the Jewish mind will direct, because they constitute the plus and minus of our mechanism. As we leave feudalism, we thus stand before the new or Jewish order of international credit or co-operative utility.

In this process the phenomenon stands out with historic precision of what is still literally a tribe governing the economics of the whole: in possession, and, *per contra*, claiming dispossession. The world's message is Jewish, and in the manner of our trial and passage all Church Christianity is involved. Once more, it is—which God? Man or his mechanism.

The Americanisation of the Treaty

By Austin Harrison

THE Americanisation of the Treaty by the United States Senate is by far the most momentous event that has taken place since the armistice, for not only does it throw all Europe back upon the imponderabilia of politics but in an immediate and absolute sense it will force us all, whether Polish nationalist or Italian irredentist, to think—perhaps for the first time again since the outbreak of war. Months ago this eventuality was anticipated in this REVIEW; month after month it has been pointed out in these pages that Republican America would not blindly pledge herself to uphold and fight for a Treaty which every American at Paris condemned; which offended American national spirit; which would make America the catspaw, banker, and arsenal of agonised Europe; which, finally, would syndicate a Treaty violated and contradicted by a covenant which again, if it meant anything, violated and contradicted the Treaty.

Newspapers will no doubt deplore this "unfortunate" event, and we shall be told by academic Liberalism that the League of Nations is consequently imperilled, and by opponents of the League that it is scotched, while militarists will assure us that Utopianism always was a visionary snare and that force is the only dignified argument of man. But in reality such pessimism is entirely unjustified. On the contrary, the reservations of the American Senate will prove supremely beneficial to Europe and to the world, for in substance they denote a return to sanity and from the quarter which economically controls; which must, therefore, no matter what attempts are made publicly or surreptitiously to obscure and prejudice the position, eventually compel

politicians and public to reconsider the European situation from the angle not of destruction but of construction.

The bitter truth is simply this. Politicians at Paris made a peace which is economically unworkable. Those who care to know how men came to do a thing at once so silly and irresponsible can learn from a perusal of Dr. Dillon's scathing analysis and indictment, *The Peace Conference*; those who want to know—and it is every man's duty to know—what the Treaty means can inform themselves in half an hour by reading a little work called *The Peace Treaty*, issued by the Swarthmore Press (it was explained six months ago in this REVIEW). Europe has been regrouped on strategic or military lines, that is the net result, and so far has this design been carried out that half of all Europe has been reduced to a system of non-economic units, this system to be standardised and upheld by a covenant, as an integral part of the Treaty, euphemising the rearrangement under a Supreme Council, called the League of Nations, which was to be the corner-stone of the new order. America's attitude dissipates this illusion. We return to reality. Once more we return to practical politics.

It is very important that we should clearly grasp the full meaning of this qualification, because there are only two world powers left at this hour—Britain and America—and obviously if one goes out, we, as the control, incur the responsibility for the whole; that is, are liable, as the largest and only true *solvent* shareholders in the concern, to provide the necessary money and the indispensable militarism which alone can maintain a Treaty based on starvation, throttling two powers, one of 70,000,000 people and the other of 150,000,000. At Paris, the politicians, taking the measure of President Wilson, reckoned that they could regroup Europe to their hearts' content, like a nursery garden, *on the support* of America, and they set to work accordingly. The idea was economic control, or the control of raw materials, which, with the control of the seas, would give the covenant grouping supreme authority over Europe, who would consequently be dependent for production upon the goodwill of the Supreme Council. It was a helot peace

founded upon economic world-control, guaranteed by the League of Nations. This idea can no longer be carried out, because America refuses to pledge herself to fight for the racial, linguistic, tribal, sectarian, and imperial animosities, jealousies, greeds, and rapacities of old Europe, thus leaving Europe to herself. Now the effect of this is primarily economic. It concerns the British Empire vitally. It means that the whole outlook must be reconsidered—upon a new basis. It imposes upon Britain the immediate duty of seeking a fresh orientation, or accepting the full liability of our position ordained in the Treaty as the chief constable of Europe ready and willing to fight at any moment and in any spot to uphold the dislocations from the Rhine to the Urals and from the Baltic to the Mediterranean created by a Treaty whose basic design was the military domination in Europe of France, which we alone are rich enough and powerful enough to safeguard, even for twelve months, if force is to remain the meaning of statesmanship and of the so-called new order.

It was because I foresaw this *impasse* that I opposed the Prime Minister at the Carnarvon Boroughs in the last elections. I saw what an ebullition mandate would imply. But men refused mind at that time. The Prime Minister was accordingly sent to Paris on a hurricane mandate of victimisation to "down" President Wilson. He did "down" him. Now the President has been "downed." We return to where we were—before the wild election. But there is nothing catastrophic in the fact that America differs from Mr. Bottomley. It is quite reasonable and quite inevitable. The only thing is that now we shall have to think; think intelligently, or Europe, already sinking into mediæval chaos, will drift even this winter into the night of madness and anarchy, for which we shall be directly responsible. That is the position. The question is: What does this breakdown signify? Does it mean that the League of Nations is dead? Will it help or retard? It is my deliberate opinion that it will prove eminently helpful, and for this reason. We in Britain will now have to come down to earth and face the facts, not only the facts as they confront us in a Balkanised, Bolshefied Europe, with all that such a condition must mean to us, to our markets or

selling-power, and to our home political difficulties, but essentially the problem of our *credit hypothecated on the security of an anarchy*, which we alone can uphold or dissolve.

It is idle to blink this truth. We shall now have to decide—and our decision will be cosmic in its incidence—whether we can afford to be the chief constable *and banker* of an anarchic Europe; or whether, seeing that we cannot afford this luxury (I challenge any banker, thinker or economist in the country to maintain even in a newspaper article that we can afford it alone without America), we had better not immediately reconsider our militarist obligations, in the light of what we can afford in the healthy, selfish interest of ourselves and of the whole, which, of course, is our interest, both economically and culturally. Submit the question to any ten bankers and they will answer unanimously that we cannot afford the office of supreme military controller. What then? Our course is clear. It is to begin all over again. It is to get a clear objective of what we want and what we can afford. That is, of course, economics. At once we come down to earth. Our inherent national reason returns. We shall begin to think intelligently once more. We shall see that Europe cannot be regrouped on a non-economic basis, because, if so, we cannot trade. Now we live by trading. As the mistress of the seas, trade is indeed our world trust and the justification of our position. We won to that right through sanity, we dare not refuse sanity; more, we cannot refuse it. We shall quickly discover now that the economics of Paris were wrong, that in consequence it is Britain's bounden duty to adjust them on the only conditions that they can be put right, namely, on lines of opportunity and peace-assuring co-operation.

I am thus supremely optimistic. Our national sanity has never yet failed us, it will not fail us at this conjuncture. After all, it is merely a question of attitude, and all that is necessary is for men to remember that the war is over and won, and that peace is an entirely opposite condition, the meaning of which is life. If we want peace, that is

harmony, production, progress, "returns"; we must cease making war; we must permit normal conditions of trade, establish stable economic foundations, re-create facilities for production, politically restore confidence. We have done precisely the opposite. Neither Germany nor Austria can live by the terms of the present Treaty because they have been deprived of "raw" and so are unable to produce. All Russia is in abysmal chaos. Italy has jerked herself out of the Treaty into predatory imperialism. In Poland, in Czecho-Slovakia, absolute political anarchy reigns. The whole Eastern problem is simmering with danger. Nowhere, not even in Alsace-Lorraine, is there harmony. There can be no indemnities because Germany has been reduced to an impoverished country which can hardly feed her population; she has no credit and therefore cannot buy. Her money is valueless; she is rapidly being driven back into militarism, which literally is her only alternative to Bolshevism. All this our own economists at Paris fully realised and resigned in consequence. To put it succinctly, the politicians made a peace which in reality is war, as we are to-day dimly realising. All Europe east of the Rhine is in ferment and economic stagnation. There is no production and no credit. To sell even to our Allies, we have to advance paper credit, *i.e.*, to increase our national debt. Not a People is satisfied either with the new boundaries or the new economic dispositions. A military grouping has been established in Eastern Europe, which has no economic foundations and not even political adhesions. Thus Roumania defies the Supreme Council and Italy defies the Council; soon all will defy that body; the Czechs are treating the Slovaks precisely as the Austrians formerly treated them. All Europe is a landslide, drifting into robber-bands, starvation, madness, incoherency. Permanent war points have been created over Syria, Persia, Russia, Italy, China, and the Far East. Nowhere is there the semblance of order or even of authority. In a word, we are rapidly losing the peace, morally and economically, and if the situation continues much longer half Europe will be in uproar and we shall all be plunged into utter darkness.

Not a word of this is exaggeration. Our politicians know it. America knows it. Now America says to us: "If

you want chaos, have it, but it is not our business. We do not intend to be involved in the inevitable crash of a continent which refuses common-sense." I do not think we shall take the crash either, for it is not our way. Thus in reality the whole situation is simplified. We shall have to see the whole as a whole, that is all. We shall have to think from Threadneedle Street, not from the hustings, and to measure our liabilities accordingly. To quote Lord Fisher, our national task is to get back to the "footrule" and really understand that there are twelve inches to a foot. And this little adjustment will not really be difficult, although in the process there may be no little commotion, because one great, illuminating reality has emerged from the welter, namely, our reaffirmation in the civilisation of America, who henceforth lives with us, as one indivisible truth. That is up to the present the outstanding issue of the war: Anglo-Saxon civilisation is one. The two World Powers left have historically become one World Power in purpose and meaning; in other words, we have gone westwards, not eastwards upon the European continent, as unthinking politicians imagined. All the map-making of Paris is fly-blown compared with this determining and creative oneness of natural configuration, and if we hold on to that single truth we shall weather this storm and all others. And this is our Polar Star. We shall ignore it at our life's peril. To-day, too, we must decide. Our choice is this. Either to steer by our destiny in co-operation with America or to defy that destiny. We can sav. "No, we will be the European military dictator and so risk the continuity of our New World attachment; or throw in our lot for progress." If the former, then we must have a supreme Army and Navy permanently ready for all emergencies, in which case there will be no new order, or strike out boldly for that new order, in which case the work of Paris must be undone, and Europe will have to be reconstructed on a basis of real peace instead of, as to-day, on *foci* of interminable war.

We need not concern ourselves with the League of Nations, which will come now in due time, yet can only come when principle once more governs statesmanship and sincerity is real enough to enforce it; for the nonce the League is but a project, the salient fact is the breakdown of

what diplomatists call the "Concert," written in a tome of 100,000 words (90,000 too many) at Paris. Very quickly Mr. Lloyd George will have to ask himself what he is going to do. If we are to go on, we ought to re-mobilise the Army immediately. If not, what? No good now sighing for President Wilson. Useless to-day regret and recrimination. The word belongs to our bankers. Do they like the look of the credit position? If not, what do they propose to do? Once more Mr. Lloyd George has a unique opportunity such as falls to few Ministers in a century. For he cannot stand still and await events, or they will overtake him disastrously. He must act. Like Pitt, he ought to say to his secretaries: "Roll up that map." "Ring up the Bank of England."

It is the lure of the map that has done the mischief—ever the conqueror's pitfall—in association with the stupendous ignorance of the map-makers who, struggling between M. Clemenceau's law of "12,000,000 bayonets" and Mr. Wilson's intellectual nihilism, thought in terms of territories instead of economics, forgetful that the great big wheel of modern life revolves on credit and not on boundaries, as it did in the jovial days of Louis XIV. and Napoleon. And so, as President Wilson's points turned out to be the "joker," so too has American sanction. We return to "open covenants." America prefers life, that is, trade, to confusion. She refuses to paint Europe red, white, and blue, and really no man can be surprised if the People of George Washington decline to play the "nigger in the fire" to European hate and hugger-mugger. No doubt this shock will at first confound, but soon it will steady us, and then quietly we shall take our bearings. This time we shall have to think economically instead of politically. We shall have to consider not boundaries but markets. Our objective must be peace instead of war to make democracy safe for war. The Stock Exchange will perhaps burn a few more newspapers.

I repeat: Mr. Lloyd George once more has a world opportunity. The authority of the Supreme Council is to-day simply force, and Europe will naturally make its dispositions accordingly. If Italy pounces upon Dalmatia,

the League cannot justly interfere. If the Jugo-Slavs attack the Italians, the League has no status. The Treaty itself can now only be enforced by force. In plain language, there is no moral authority but the bayonet, which is the negation of economics. Now unless we obtain a working equation for our economics, Europe will crash and we shall be involved in the collapse. Economics, therefore, are our immediate necessity, European economics, and even they can now only be induced at the point of the bayonet. The twelve-million army philosophy is thus reduced to a bayonet point, which we shall have to pay for. Can we? Ask D'Annunzio, or Paderewski, or Denikin, or Lord Reading. It is a pretty big muddle, due entirely to the folly of the politicians, as we shall discover when John Bull is asked to pay the bill. Nor shall we begin to see a way out until we realise that economics must be the basis of our orientation and that economics mean peace and not war.

If Mr. Lloyd George will be quick and return to principle, there should be no great difficulty in obtaining a constructive policy, for democracy will assuredly support any reasonable line which can secure results as distinct from a policy of words which no man any longer believes in. America's secession leaves us with a cauldron of troubles, which will not be lessened by her isolation; thus Ireland, India, Syria, Mesopotamia, the Near East and the Far East, and the whole morphology of Empire, largely complicated by the new device of mandates, which will test our civilisation to the core. We cannot play with this legacy. We cannot expect Europe to regard us as the arbiter of justice so long as we can only govern Ireland with Tanks, nor shall we find an equation with America until we ourselves testify in Ireland to our own sincerity. There we have a root issue. It will prove determinative. We move with America towards the new order through Ireland, or we move into Europe and disorder. We have come to our points. Now we must attest or the whole Treaty of Paris will dissolve and we shall be left with but another scrap of paper.

This then is our opportunity. Our civilisation stands at the bar of judgment. To cast the dice on a throw of fortune

will be madness, only sheer constructive thinking can pull us through the ordeal of peace which to-day faces us, which in some ways will be more difficult, and even more hazardous, than the ordeal of war. I am confident, for our civilisation is surely no fortuity, and in the hour of need never yet has the robust common-sense of Britain failed. If Mr. Lloyd George will have a quiet hour with his bankers and a day all alone on some hill-top, he may yet re-discover his true and useful purpose, and in acquiring a policy lead back this country to its own truth and so Europe onward to construction. It will be very, very serious if he fails us. Perhaps the quickest way would be to go to the country on the democratic issue at stake, for, like the American President, he too no longer has the needful sanction. To this pass have three men trying in secrecy to reconstitute the world brought us. Mr. Lloyd George must go back to first principles, to Parliament, and to economics; he can no longer rule through an unrepresentative Parliament. But he must be quick. The chaos in Europe will begin when he tries to hang the Kaiser and demands the war-culprits, from which policy America has dissociated herself. If we insist upon that policy, we shall forfeit the sympathy of the world. The lesson and tragedy of President Wilson is a world-lesson. It hoists the signal that the war is over and that politicians are again mortal. America's reservation thus prescribes our task and opportunity, which is to return to fundamentals and to rebuild sanely, nobly, and constructively in the interests of our own truth and of humanity.

"Sacred and Profane Love"

"BUM-BOAT" criticism has, of course, walloped into Mr. Ainley for "venturing" to produce so great and serious a play as Tolstoy's *Reparation*, whereas in fact all true lovers of the theatre and of good acting will make a point of seeing it, and patronisingly pronounced that love on the stage does not need qualification, as Arnold Bennett has notably and suggestively qualified it in *Sacred and Profane Love* at the Aldwych. It really is extraordinarily good, not only genuinely entertaining, but interesting up to the last moment, which is the key of the structure, the whole point of which is the psychology of the artist in regard to love, both man and woman.

Let it be said straight away for the benefit of those to whom the theatre is a giggling competition that they need not be afraid. A girl is seduced in the first act, direct action, as it were; there is a morphine-epileptic, a double-cross adultery, also a French *cocotte* and a pistol-shot. But there is no choky business—no murder, and no stage tea, and no silver cigarette-case.

Mr. Bennett clearly wrote the original novel closely on observation. His theme is the artist-genius, and his purpose to show the truth of Nietzsche's egocentric, the superman or artist whom Pan-Germans thought was a politician. In clash with a young, impulsive, curious girl, herself an art-type, the musician strides across the conventions, receiving back in the flesh the love he himself gives out in the spirit as a natural frank-offering, just as the symbol of the bee savouring the pollen from flower to flower figures so constantly in the oldest of plays as life's vindication. But, of course, this simplicity of genius is not reciprocated. When he awakes, she has run away;—no girl, no ring, he moves on to his next concert.

It is now her turn. Seven years have elapsed, and she has become an artist, a great novelist, wooed by a publisher who, having tired of his wife, proposes Paris and the Elysian Fields of divorce. But Mr. Bennett is thinking of his male-artist, and so impulsively and unexpectedly she

hies herself to Paris, not with the publisher, but to redeem the musician, her whilom lover of a night, whom she duly discovers epileptic and broken in the flat of a *cocotte* (the "Pretty Lady," A. B. formula).

Love is giving, and so the seduced girl of seven years ago sacrifices herself to the man; takes him away, and after a long course cures him. He returns to the piano, to the concert world. We are now at the last act. Will he succeed? At last in he blows, it is a huge success. Radiant with joy he kisses her, buttons his coat, and remarks casually that he is going out—to a party. This is the climax, the meaning of the play.

The man has re-become the artist; the egocentric. He has forgotten her. In the hour of his triumph, he who owes all to her, to her care and love, sees not the woman who saved and re-made him, feels not gratitude, passion, love, but only the satisfaction of his vanity, the response to the conquering ego, the tribute to genius. But chance (or perhaps a regard for the susceptibilities of playgoers) brings him back—he has forgotten his muffler. To his astonishment, she is crying. Why? Great Heavens! What is amiss? And so we get a pleasant end just when we thought the *cocotte*, after all, was going to answer the eternal question of who was to fetch him away.

It is true psychology and skilfully built out of the original study into a play which at least presents the complementary contrast between man and woman, or woman at her functional best and man the artist, a story which humanly pans out greatly to the moral superiority of the woman. The moral is, of course: Never marry an artist. Quite so, but that is a counsel of perfection because, as Mr. Bennett shows, the male genius is so devastatingly vampiric a personality, and vitality, which is sex, is the most seductive quality in life. There is thus no useful moral, and this is the difficulty, for depicting psychology is prose work and at times the dramatic sense distinctly halts in the woman, who is admirably acted by Miss Iris Hoey, now certainly one of our leading stage artists. Both she and Mr. Franklin Dyall play their parts, like good French actors, away from the footlights, thus attaining the great illusion of naturalness. All-round a good performance. S. O.

Books

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LADY DOROTHY NEVILL. By RALPH NEVILL. Methuen and Co., Ltd. 18*s.* net.

A TRULY "great lady," perhaps the last of the old-kind hostesses, Lady Dorothy is to-day a memory almost as alive as she was at her own luncheon-parties, where, with a head like Voltaire, she presided with incommunicable grace and distinction. She was not literary. She spoke simply, clipping her "g's," absolutely without affectation. She was, or pretended to be, outrageously Tory. She cannot be said to have possessed enthusiasms, and yet there was no one like her in London, no woman in society who ever rivalled her, no man who did not feel she was the sweetest and gentlest of creatures, the feminine flower of English aristocracy. Her real charm lay, perhaps, in her unique quality of sympathy. She really liked you or she did not. At her table the fiercest Tory met the fiercest Radical, and in her presence they incontinently became friends. Her charm was humanity. She was completely without nonsense, loved life, loved life in others: she understood. Her son in this book has cleverly shown her many-sided sympathies, and presented his mother to the public in a quiet and unassuming way, thus managing to preserve the continuity of the reality. Lady Dorothy once said to the writer: "The secret of life is never to be unhappy." She shed that atmosphere naturally. She gave. And always she had the keenest sense of humour, and she could talk to anybody, whether king or beggar, with a rather deep-toned voice, herself almost elfish in appearance, yet with the brow of a philosopher.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE FAITH OF AN AGNOSTIC. By SIR G. G. GREENWOOD. Watts and Co. 12*s.* 6*d.*

"CREEDS have failed us, but hopes may yet survive" seems to be the central conclusion of the author's painstaking examination of the starry heavens and the germ plasm—of the gross spiritual tyrannies and crookednesses of theologies and of systems, exposed to the hard facts of science and the tape measure of logic; and let it be said at once that he plays fair, with candour and politeness, and that he has, in this extended reprint, stated his case interestingly. Here is no desire to alarm maiden aunts or to give the parson a nasty one—after all, rationalism is a respectable creed, and has no need to take up the attitude of the sceptical cobbler at this time of day; we are, indeed, most of us, rationalists on our own, with reservations which lead us to conclusions not unlike the sentence quoted above, including "hopes" for the creeds which have been such an uncon-

scionable time a-failing. The unkindest cut of all is the author's perception that so many convinced rationalists support ecclesiastical institutions from a regard for good manners; there, indeed, he touches us on the raw, for, somehow, we do manage to countenance the Nicene creed and allow church bells to worry our nerves for the sake of something which the most bracing and cocksure rationalism cannot supply. Still, here is a good case well put, not too desperately deep, in spite of Greek tags, and we strongly commend it as a tonic to the thoughtful.

From the same press come some booklets of lesser import, each good of its sort. Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner, on "Christianity and Conduct," 1*s.* 6*d.* net, wears the paternal mantle with a difference, and makes at least one good debating point with her Christian Germany and Free-thinking France—anyone delighting in upset applecarts will find this survey delightful. "A Plain Man's Plea for Rationalism," by Charles T. Gorham, 1*s.* 3*d.* net, is, as its advertiser says, "without any affectation of learning, the style being delightfully chatty." "Health and Honour," by F. J. Gould, 1*s.* 6*d.* net, is a physical facts book, neither too stimulating nor unduly sweetened. It has a Walter Crane cover and a poetic atmosphere. "Does Man Survive Death?" 6*d.* net, by T. F. Palmer, does, in pamphlet form, for spiritualism what Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner does for Christianity. Stiff paper covers and readable type characterise all these booklets.

SEVEN MEN. By MAX BEERBOHM. Heinemann. 7*s.* net.

AFTER so long a silence, a tonic from "Max" excites the appetite; we expect a bouquet; we intend to laugh. Few will be able to avoid mirth in some shape from this array of types as they must have flitted before the writer and caricaturist any time between the founding of *The Yellow Book* and the sinking of the *Lusitania,* and now appear in print—to encourage the rest. Mr. Max Beerbohm has mellowed. He uses dates. He can speak of the dominoe-hall of the Café Royal. And, like all men who have begun to talk backwards, he, the ego, projects less. The result is much and genuine humour, not wit, humour like Paul Richter. Of the studies, that of Soames stands out, but Maltby and Braxton is a gem of real delight with a masterly close. This is the author at his best, almost with the mantle of Whistler. Then there is "Savonarola" Brown and a queer thing called A. V. Laider, which may be memories or imaginations, and that is the teasing quality of Mr. Beerbohm's people. Are they real? Who was Soames? Surely not ——; but no, Max is kindly; it cannot be. But who? One comes back to Maltby. Who the deuce was he? And Braxton. One has an awful moment. But no, they cannot be Chesterton—Belloc. Mr. Beerbohm has written seven good things.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE WELSH. By FREDERICK J. HARRIES. T. Fisher Unwin. 15*s.* net.

THE Welsh invasion is, apparently, no recent thing; there were plenty of Welshmen in Stratford when Shakespeare was at school,

and he narrowly escaped having one Jenkins as head master. Still, as an old Stratfordian he learned to love this admirable gentleman, and drew from him the sympathetic figure of Sir Hugh Evans. Fluellens and Bardolph were also old Stratfordians, and, above all, young Will himself was descended from the Welsh kings by way of one Griffin, and was, in fact, a sort of Welsh octoroon—which explains why a commonplace English family should produce the world's ugly duckling! Possibly, had he been full-blooded, William would have shone in the rag trade, as a milkmonger, or in politics, like the Cecils (all Welsh), or like Francis Bacon, the "joint author," not only Welsh also, but a close relation of his literary colleague. *Cymbeline* helps to prove this ancestry, and other works of filial piety are *Lear* and *Macbeth*. *Hamlet* is not much tinctured with the Cymric feeling, but the apochryphal plays are; whilst the *Sonnets* were inspired by Herbert ap Herbert from the Principality, and Puck was a family heirloom imported with the great-grandmother. Elizabeth Tudor doubtless detected the compatriotism of her poet, and was pleased by the subtle flattery of the "honest soldiers'" honesty and the perspicacity of Sir Hugh Evans, as well as by the more open adulation of her Welsh forbears. All this and much more that is interesting, amusing, and scholarly is set forth in Mr. Harries' book, and may explain William's litigious propensities and the levity with which he stole other people's thunder, but it certainly does not explain Shakespeare, or attempt to do more than throw some new glamour of speculation around the abiding elusiveness of his personality.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. THE PRACTICAL MYSTIC. By FRANCIS GRIERSON. With an introduction by JOHN DRINKWATER. John Lane. 5*s.* net.

THE circumstances of our time explain the wide, popular interest that continues to focus itself upon the strange, almost superhuman figure of Lincoln. This is a small book, written, or compiled, by one of the most sympathetic of modern mystics, in which this aspect of the President is emphasised. It has been put together with a very rare dignity and beauty of thought. Not to be urged as in any sense an introduction to the study of Lincoln, since it presupposes a certain intimacy with its subject, some of its pages will fill the reader with an impression of pure amazement. Mr. Grierson tells, entirely simply, of incidents in the life of this superman that recall only the Divine. The plan of the book is deliberately broken—one for dipping into. Mr. Drinkwater contributes a thoughtful little essay, rightly praising the writer for his selection of so just a phrase as "Practical Mystic" to portray one whose spiritual life blended so wonderfully with his action. A very memorable little book—five shillings well expended.

IRISH IMPRESSIONS. By G. K. CHESTERTON. Collins and Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

THERE is something infinitely ridiculous in the first visit of an English intellectual to Ireland, and no doubt here is the key to the

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POLITICAL.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE. By DR. E. J. DILLON. Hutchinson and Co. 21s. net.

IT would take Wilkie Bard to do justice to the antics of the three dictators who sojourned in Paris to reform the world, but Dr. Dillon, than whom no living man is better equipped to pass judgment, has done his bit in a masterly survey of the whole proceedings, which, without a doubt, will stand as a permanent record and historical indictment of political levity and shame. When we learn that M. Painlevé said in a great speech: "As Hall Caine, the great American poet, said, 'O Death, where is thy sting?'" that President Wilson gravely considered the independence of Corsica, and a celebrated English statesman solemnly advised the Italians to increase their "cultivation of bananas," and another thought that Dantzig was a Mediterranean interest, we cannot be surprised that the "Tiger" treated them all like feckless schoolboys, from Bratiano, whom, on one occasion, he told to "listen and not speak," to President Wilson, who was made to swallow all his fine words, with the result, as Dillon writes, that "Prussianism has been openly adopted by its ostensible enemies," and the sacrifices of Democracy have "been misused to give one-half of the world just cause to rise up against the other half." The truth is that the Vienna Congress in 1815 was wisdom itself in comparison with Paris, which speedily reduced itself to a secret conclave of three men, two sublimely ignorant of European geography, history, and nationality, the other thinking only of revenge and how to get the other two unconsciously to subscribe to it. The rest were ruled out. Mr. Wilson was solely concerned with his covenant; Mr. Lloyd George was concerned with his own political position; the "Tiger" was concerned merely with revenge. The covenant was rigged up at the last moment, in thirty hours, to save Mr. Wilson's face. "Never," declares Dr. Dillon, was "political veracity at so low an ebb as during the Peace Conference." One reads this informative volume with disgust. No wonder America has thrown down the President. His fourteen points were never even discussed. Any man who understood Europe was barred out. One callous and two ignorant men carved up Europe, regardless of economics, nationality, principle, or morality, varied by visits to clairvoyants and prepostrous hotel balls—at their several peoples' expense. Every clause of the Treaty was kept secret. Not a Parliament in any country ever saw one until it was law. So much for the "open covenants," Democracy and the rest of the blather, and so the world reels to-day into the abyss. There will be a bitter reckoning. The "wee" three at Paris will pass into history as the three great failures of the war, and their names will be execrated. Dr. Dillon has told the story. No man can read it without an inward blush. It is enough to make the seven million dead rise from their sleep and sweep this civilisation away.

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ACROSS THE BLOCKADE. By HENRY NOEL BRAILSFORD. Allen and Unwin. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

EVERY Englishman who has a son should read thoughtfully this little work, for assuredly the work of Paris must sooner or later mean war. Mr. Brailsford is a highly trained observer of foreign affairs, and though his attitude is that of an intellectual Socialist, his judgment is admittedly sound, and no living journalist is more careful in the presentation of facts. The picture he draws is neither exaggerated nor biassed. It should make even the most careless mind attentive. Perhaps his conclusions are too logically inferred. Life is never logical. The absolute is rare. In short, the very damnation Paris has created is likely to lead to a far quicker re-creation than a few months back would have seemed possible, (1) because of the now certain American reservations, (2) because capitalist reactionaryism will not be able to "get away" with the goods, failing an equation for production. It is queer to think that Brailsford and Lloyd George were hot "Rads" together a few years ago. The Premier is probably further away from Liberalism to-day than even Chamberlain was at the hour of the ultimatum to President Kruger.

SOCIAL.

THE GUILD STATE. By G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR. Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

WITH a dry humour, the author presents the case of Guild Socialism as a solution for many of our economic difficulties. It is a timely work which deserves careful consideration, for the problem is real and our chief difficulty lies in obtaining the requisite sincerity for change or innovation. At present, the workers have no longer a pride in their work, and they will certainly not return to the pre-war condition of wages for private profit. Yet not until the employers recognise this can we look for a sensible adjustment. The Guildsman's adjustment is revolutionary, for it is a return to enlightened mediævalism. As a remedy it is fascinating, and, on the face of it, seems difficult to repudiate. The question is, How? Not only politicians, but historians, will have to be jettisoned as archaic, literally new principles will be necessary. At least one thing emerges, and that is occupational representation in lieu of regional represention, which has become a farce. That in itself may suffice. People should study Guild Socialism. A lot more will be heard of it—when the war taxes come!

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overseas enterprise—youths worth fostering to get the right sort of men in the right sort of ships, and incidentally to save and help the poor lads who might grow up as unskilled and uncared-for slum-dwellers. This is one reason—a rational and economic one, if you will—why we should help the *Arethusa* training ship and the Shaftesbury Homes to rear and educate and teach their twelve hundred boys and girls to make good citizens, good sailors, and good mothers. Another and a better reason is that this old-established institution, whose patrons are the King and Queen, and the president of which is the Prince of Wales, is doing for the destitute little ones a public, a national, duty, because they are young, and destitute, and helpless. It is a long and fine story, this good work; if you would know more, write to the secretary at the National Refuge Offices, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, and he will be glad to send you full information and subscription forms.

The Blacklead Habit

¶ When duplicate and triplicate chits were the day's work, or when "Sign, please," is the cry, and the point has to print as well as write, the pencil is tolerable, but to write in pencil as a habit is bad art and false economy. In the first place, no pencil writing has form or character; it is an apology for an ancient art, and a poor and ineffective one at that, so the save-time theory often defeats itself from sheer illegibility, and the portability excuse is vain in these days of the fountain pen. The written word remains if it be really written, and one's eye and one's hand keep their cunning and make writing a pleasure both to writer and reader, whilst the golden point gives the unvarying touch, and the flowing ink records with clean and pleasant distinctness. To the pencil fiend we should say: Get a "Waterman," and you will add to your own efficiency and to the comfort of your readers. The "Waterman" is as constant and reliable, as portable and as strong as any pencil, and a thousand times more effective, for it goes on the same for ever.

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¶ On November 11th, for two silent minutes, all of us publicly stood or kneeled to think of those who had paid the price to the uttermost; then the world rolled on its busy way, and the narrow things of life preoccupied us once again, for we, too, must pay our part of the great price for the great thing now. To very many the price means very real sacrifice, and perhaps it is difficult to be as brave and as enthusiastic at all times as we are at high moments, for this coming winter will pinch most of us pretty severely. At least, not the children! will be the thought of all those to whom high prices and lowered incomes hold up a warning finger. Certainly they must not go short or suffer, for the world is more than ever a world for our children to-day, thanks to those who, for two brief minutes, we remembered, and said in our hearts, "Never again," with what sweet grief and sweeter hope. Seven thousand children there are whose feet have been set upon

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the path of hope, fulfilment, and usefulness—children whose passport was that they were destitute and in danger; they live in happy family groups, well taught, well clothed, and well fed, by the faith of Dr. Barnardo, the hope of his helpers and successors, and by the love of all the world. Of these children, too, we must think—of this great and shining success organised by the miraculous doctor—they, too, must not go short. Many of them went down for us into the valley—many are doing their bit at home and abroad to make the old earth fruitful and fair, and no destitute child is ever turned away! Your half-crown (or possibly more) must go to these little ones as usual. They must not represent our economies in paying the price of Peace.

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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Private Kerrison wrapping his motor-bike before he left Dr Barnardo's Homes.

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ON the night of April 23rd, 1661, Glasgow was illuminated with beacons and there was much merry-making to celebrate the Coronation of Charles II, but the revellers missed one enjoyment which is common to-day—the pleasure of a pipe of "SMITHS GLASGOW MIXTURE."

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THE REPRIEVE.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IT is a new emotion to feel, even for a moment, saintlike; to quell burning passion and speak in tones of gentleness.

But the changes of circumstances compel even the most inflexible of us to modify our determinations. Only the senile and the hidebound refuse to admit of change.

And so I proceed with my reparation.

Some time ago I announced my decision to devote the whole of the cloth at the disposal of my House to the clothing of Youth. And with sadness of heart I was compelled to refuse to provide body coverings for clients over fifty.

That was when there was a serious shortage of wool—and also brains and beer—and Youth having slaved and suffered for years in cold and muddy khaki, seemed to me to have first claim on warmth.

And patriotically though the old men "did their bit"—and held it in their teeth throughout the war—the fatty chest, the prosperous paunch, and podgy limbs of Age were really cloth consumers of the grossest type.

* * * * *

But since last Spring the shortage has been less acute; the Government, perhaps, has fleeced more "lambs."

And Dr. Veronoff has made a great experiment.

The outburst of enthusiasm with which the old men have greeted the discovery of the new use for the interstitial gland of the monkey has shown that even they are not wholly irreclaimable.

I welcome the tribute to Youth and modify my rule.

This House is henceforth prepared to accept as clients old men who have proved their admiration of Youth by permitting a respectable young monkey's gland to be introduced into their system.

I do not wish to be uncharitable in these times of peace and plenty of taxation, but I must insist on a "respectable" monkey. This should not be difficult as monkeys are often very polished.

Respectability is necessary, for the introduction of the interstitial gland of a dipsomaniac gorilla or amatory chimpanzee might have deplorable effects. The last stage of the elderly graftee might become even worse than the first.

I have no desire to see a grafted octogenarian climbing lamp-posts in Pall Mall, or wildly pursuing innocent maidens down Piccadilly. At any rate, not in my trousers.

Therefore, those elderly cultivators of Youth who desire to take advantage of my concession must be prepared to produce a certificate as to the moral character and refined habits of the last owner of the gland. And they both have my sympathy. Hence the reprieve.

* * * * * *

It is really very amusing that Pope and Bradley have the greatest business of its kind in the West End, considering the House is compelled to keep so many away. Perhaps the clothes are good. Tweed Lounge Suits from £10 10s., Dress Suits from £16 16s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s., Overcoats from £10 10s.

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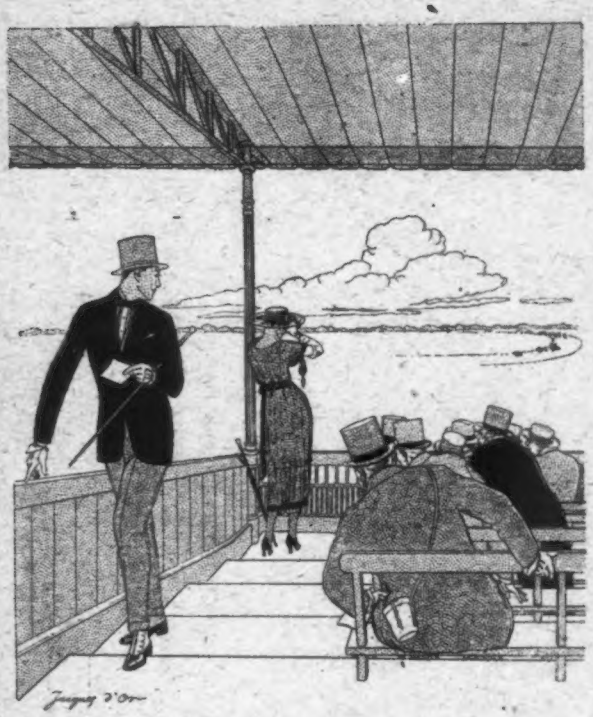

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